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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

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ARTHUR WARNER

DOROTHY VAN DOREN PAUL BLANSHARD

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NORMAN THOMAS LEWIS S. GANNETT CARL VAN DOREN
MARK VAN DOREN LUDWIG LEWISOHN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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EVEN A POLITICIAN ought to be willing to take his own medicine. So, although we can view the discomfiture of Representative Britten without poignant regret, we have still less sympathy for the dilemma of Secretary Kellogg. Fired with the idea of direct action, Mr. Britten, who is chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, suggested to Premier Baldwin a powwow between committees of the British House of Commons and our House to do something about disarmament. Heaven knows somebody ought to do something about it, but Mr. Britten was more than a little rash to go over the head of the State Department, leave out our own Senate, and neglect even to get the consent of the House before going ahead with his project. What Premier Baldwin thought, we don't know. We don't even know what he said. He sent a polite acknowledgment to Mr. Britten, but when the official reply was presented to Mr. Kellogg by the British Ambassador our august Secretary of State refused to receive it. But did he realize, we wonder, that it was a dose of his own drug—Kellogg's Matchless Compound for International Relations? Did our Secretary of State reflect that he had set an example in the usurpation of authority by waging a war in Nicaragua without the consent of Congress?

IN SPITE OF A VIGOROUS and intelligent campaign, Norman Thomas apparently polled only 300,000 votes in the Presidential election. Returns made to the National Headquarters of the Socialist Party up to December 4 indicated a vote of 179,800 in nineteen States. In these same States in 1920 Debs polled 554,200 votes, about three times the Thomas vote. If the same proportion holds good in States not yet heard from, Mr. Thomas will fall just short of a 300,000 total. The Socialist Party made its best showing in New York where, in spite of the popularity of Governor Smith, Mr. Thomas polled over 100,000 votes. In Wisconsin the great majority of the Socialist voters flocked to Governor Smith on the Wet issue, giving Mr. Thomas only 18,000 in the returns. Victor L. Berger, who has been elected to Congress from Milwaukee seven times, increased his vote by 16,000 but was beaten by a margin of 300. After twenty-eight years of struggle the Socialist Party cannot extract much cheer from these results. Its vote was the smallest Socialist vote cast in any election since 1900 and less than one-third of the record Socialist vote of 920,000 for Debs in 1920. Many extenuating circumstances help to explain the disappointing showing. The Socialist Party partially surrendered its own organization to support La Follette in 1924 and the work of building anew from the bottom presented great difficulties. Governor Smith's clear margin of progressiveness over Herbert Hoover lured the great majority of the La Follette vote. But when all is said and done we see no reason for the poor showing of the ablest candidate whom the Socialist Party has ever presented except the stupidity and conservatism of the voters.

GOVERNOR ALVAN T. FULLER made an address the other day in Boston to the heads of the State departments. It was his valedictory, for Governor Fuller retires on January 1 after a term of office whose importance in history will be due largely to a certain event which occurred at Charlestown prison on the night of August 23, 1927. He said in part:

> The greatest danger that confronts us in Massachusetts, in my humble opinion, is the result of avarice on the part of our "best people" who want something more than they are really entitled to. I think in the last analysis, provided the matter was discussed without the heat of controversy, as public officials we must not expect those who would have special privileges to realize that they are doing that very thing which will be used as material by their opponents. . . . I have been discouraged to find that those people who throw out their chest the furthest as our leading citizens, somehow or other in private are not quite as uniformly patriotic and disinterested as one might expect when listening to their Fourth of July speeches.

This is a mild attack but none the less an attack upon the "best people." It was the "best people" who killed Sacco and Vanzetti. As years go on—years of private life away from the controversy and pride that official life generates—is it possible that "consciousness of guilt" will make a liberal out of Governor Fuller?

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION filed its case against the Electric Bond and Share Company on December 1, asking the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York to order the company to

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open its operating-expenses ledger to the commission's examiners and to require its officials to answer questions concerning expenditures for propaganda against government ownership and its financial arrangements with subsidiary and affiliated companies. The case tests the commission's power to inquire into the activities of individual companies as distinct from their associated activities. The connection between rates and the expenditures for political and propaganda purposes is clearly set forth in the Federal Trade Commission's petition. Pointing out that rates are established to insure a net profit above operating expenses, the petition says:

> The profits of the Electric Bond and Share Company depend in part upon whether it uses its fees or commissions for service above its expenses, including disbursements, if any, "to influence or control public opinion on account of municipal or public ownership of the means by which power is developed and electrical energy is generated and distributed, or since 1923 to influence or control elections" of President, Vice-President, and members of the United States Senate. The existence of such expenditures would necessarily increase the charges made by the company for its services in order to make the same profit. Such charges to its clients, the holding and operating companies, are logically reflected in the rates collected by the operating companies in order to earn a profit.

The electrical industry is construing the election of Herbert Hoover as a "vindication" of its practices. But is the electrical industry willing to have the "glass pockets" which Mr. Hoover said big business should have? Not unless the court so orders, it appears.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT won a temporary victory of great importance when the five-weeks' lockout of 250,000 metal workers in the Ruhr ended on December 3. Nominally the fight in the Ruhr was between employers and labor unions, but the real conflict was between the Government and certain great capitalists who had defied it. Since 1923 German industry has operated under a species of compulsory arbitration, with a tripartite arbitration board in each district including two representatives of the employers and workers involved and a chairman representing the Government. The decisions of these arbitration boards have not been legally binding but they could be made binding by ukase of the Reich Minister of Labor. In the particular dispute between metal workers and employers in the Ruhr the district arbitration board decreed an increase in wages and the Reich Minister of Labor made it legally binding. Whereupon the great capitalists refused to obey the Government, locked out their workers, and carried their case against the arbitration award to the courts. A grave crisis ensued, almost as grave as that of the British general strike. The employers finally compromised and opened their shops with the understanding that both sides would accept as binding a decision of the wage question to be made after fresh investigation by Dr. Severing, Minister of the Interior. The employers' decision to yield was partially due to the unquestioned public sympathy for the locked-out men and the vote of a $5,000,000 relief fund for the workers by the Reichstag. Meanwhile the employers have set an ugly precedent in defying the Government without being adequately punished. The workers may turn the precedent back upon the employers when another struggle arises between them.

WITHIN RECENT WEEKS portentous events have taken place in South Africa, where five-and-one-half-million natives, who have no vote except in Cape Colony and are barred from Parliament because of their color, are dependent for their rights on one-and-one-half-million white Europeans. In the first days of November Mr. Madeley, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Cabinet headed by General Hertzog, Nationalist, received a deputation from the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, a native organization, to discuss working conditions and wages in his department. General Hertzog requested that Mr. Madeley resign because his action in receiving the native deputation was contrary to the pure-white policy of the government. Mr. Madeley, who belongs to the left wing of the Labor Party, refused. Thereupon General Hertzog himself resigned and re-formed his Cabinet, neatly dropping Mr. Madeley and appointing in his place Mr. Sampson, who adheres, along with Mr. Creswell and Mr. Boydell, the other Labor members of the Cabinet, to the white policy of the party. General Hertzog tried to befog the issue by saying the I. C. W. U. was not a trade union but a "political organization with members recruited from every walk of life." Mr. Tielman Roos, Nationalist and Minister of Justice, was more frank. "We cannot possibly have any truck or sympathy," said he, "for the I. C. W. U. movement," adding that in all parties "there is a feeling that a more powerful weapon should be created to save South Africa from the native menace." The incident is the culmination of a conflict in the Cabinet which has been going on for several months. This conflict is the reflection in the Cabinet of the split in the Labor Party, with Mr. Creswell and Mr. Boydell on one side and Mr. Madeley on the other. The Labor Party in South Africa has not been a Labor Party in the real sense of the word. Its founder, Mr. Creswell, then a mine manager, first attracted attention when he proposed to work his mines with white labor.

THE LABOR PARTY is more white than labor, except for the inroads which such men as Mr. Madeley and their followers have made into it. It is significant that the deputation which Mr. Madeley received was headed by representatives of the South African Trades Union Congress. Two years ago this body refused to have anything to do with the native union. Sometime later, through the efforts in Europe of Mr. Kadalie, its leader, the Workers' Union was recognized by several international labor bodies and by the British Trades Union Congress. A year ago the Workers' Union applied for affiliation with the South African Trades Union Congress and was refused for the given reason that as the native union claimed 100,000 members, it could outvote all the other unions put together, which number only 20,000; but at that time a movement was started not toward amalgamation but toward cooperation between the two bodies. Since then, largely through the efforts of W. H. Andrews of the South African Trades Union Congress, this policy of coordination has been developed by means of meetings for consultation on matters of common interest. The latest of these took place on August 30, this year, when at a joint meeting of the National Executive Council of the Trades Union Congress and the executive of the Workers' Union discussions were held on several subjects important to both organizations—including "ways and means whereby the I. C. W. U. can be assisted in its trade-union activities by the S. A. T. U. C. and vice versa"; and methods for ob-

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taining "the S. A. T. U. C.'s active assistance in formulating demands for better wages and conditions" The deputation to Mr. Madeley, including as it did members of both black and white organizations, may mark a step toward a real Labor party in South Africa, regardless of color.

THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR did not fall faster than does the Soviet Government—in the news columns of the New York *World*. So far other newspapers do not seem to have taken cognizance of the disaster and the editorial writers of the *World* seem equally oblivious, which encourages one to think that these gentlemen are like the proprietor of the restaurant who had just stepped out for dinner. A couple of weeks ago the *World* headlines ran "Soviet Totters, Europe Hears; Peasants Rise"; subheads announced "Government Set Up 11 Years Ago by Lenin and Trotzky Facing Revolution." A few days later the *World* added for good measure: "16 Districts Join Ukraine Revolt—Anti-Communist Uprising Centers Around Charkoff." Both of these reports emanated from Paris; there was no confirmation of them either in the *World* or in any other paper. Reliable observers just back from the Soviet Republic—even from the Ukraine—report that the Soviet Government is as strongly intrenched as it ever was. There are many grave problems in Russia that must be solved by men inexperienced in government—problems of population, of the rehabilitation of industry, of foreign versus home capital, of the peasant versus the proletarian. But these problems are not nearer solution as a result of misguided and misleading reports in ordinarily sensible newspapers. Nor is it to the credit of the American workingman—or such workingmen as are represented by the American Federation of Labor—that a reference to the great services to education of the eminent philosopher and educator John Dewey was struck from the records of the A. F. of L. because Mr. Dewey has expressed himself as not in favor of the immediate destruction of the Bolshevik government but is, on the contrary, interested in and an admirer of phases of the experiment.

NEVERTHELESS WE FORGIVE the *World* its Russian news because of an item which appeared the day after Thanksgiving in that newspaper which we—in defiance of the law of libel—believe to be completely false. It can't be true—yet it ought to be. For solemnly and with all the earmarks of an authoritative statement comes the news that a baby has just been born in Knoxville, Tennessee, *with a tail seven inches long!* Shades of the Scopes trial! Was it or was it not in Tennessee that learned lawyers in a court of law proved to the satisfaction of a judge, a jury, and the majority of their neighbors that the theory of evolution was a base libel on man, that to teach it in the State of Tennessee was unlawful, that teachers who did so would be deprived of their jobs? We are familiar enough with stories of disaster that followed hard upon the heels of blasphemy; the God of Hosts has not scrupled to pursue with fire, pestilence, and sudden death those who dared to defy the lightning. But this is the first time that Darwin's ghost has been sufficiently interested to attach a tail to a human infant. We are told that Dr. Adolph P. Schultz, associate professor of anthropology at Johns Hopkins University, is eagerly awaiting a sight of the tail, which a thoughtful surgeon immediately removed from the too generously endowed infant and sent to him. It would take the combined testimony of Dr. Schultz, the unnamed surgeon, and the baby himself to convince us that the tail, if any, was really attached to the baby. Nevertheless, if there was no tail, there is certainly the finger of fate—and the anti-evolutionists had better watch out for the direction of its pointing!

THE SPORTING WRITERS are choosing the all-American football team of 1928, but nineteen men who trod the gridiron this year are not eligible, for they were killed this season while playing the game. We could pass over the death of these men as an incidental misfortune if it were not for the fact that scores of other young men have been killed in the same way in recent years. (Seventeen players were killed last year and twenty in 1925.) An analysis of the circumstances under which the nineteen players were killed this season shows that most of the deaths resulted from injuries due to tackling and collision, the commonest cause of death being a broken neck. Most of the victims of the game died on the altar of senseless tradition, the tradition that mass collision and physical stoppage are necessary to make football exciting. In basketball and soccer the ball is the object of attack and defense; in American football the human body must bear the brunt. We believe that football as played in the United States is not only unnecessarily dangerous but is a third-rate game to watch. In soccer the spectator can see and appreciate every play because the ball is in the open; in American football half of the plays present the spectacle of a mass of tangled bodies. Perhaps fifty years from now, when the beauty and skill of open football are duly appreciated, our present game will seem as crude and brutal as a Roman gladitorial combat seems today.

CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS, a valued contributor to *The Nation*, reached the end of a varied and useful career on November 25 at Los Angeles, California. Born at Lynn, Massachusetts, on March 1, 1859, he attended Harvard for a brief period, and then went into journalism in Ohio. He set out from Cincinnati for the Pacific coast in 1884, walking the entire distance to Los Angeles, a result of which was his "A Tramp Across the Continent" (1892). Here he resumed newspaper work, being city editor of the *Times* in 1885-1887. But the appeal of the primitive was so strong to him that he returned to New Mexico, which had attracted him while on his long tramp, and lived at the Tigua Indian pueblo of Isleta on the Rio Grande for five years. From this center he made extended excursions through the Southwest with his camera, and pictured and recorded everything that met his fancy, especially subjects of an ethnological and archaeological nature. His books on the subject have been widely read. Ever acknowledging the influence of the ripe scholarship and delightful companionship of the late Adolphe F. Bandelier, whom he first met in New Mexico, Mr. Lummis wrote his excellent "Spanish Pioneers," which passed through many editions and was translated and published in Spanish (Madrid, 1915); and later, as a product of his association with Mr. Bandelier on the Henry Villard expedition in Peru and Bolivia, he wrote "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu." Mr. Lummis founded the Landmarks Club, which has preserved three of California's early Spanish missions; the Sequoya League "to make better Indians"; and the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles. In his later years he recorded phonographically hundreds of Spanish songs of the Southwest, two collections of which have been published (1923, 1926).

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A Swan Song for Lame Ducks

ON December 4 a tight-mouthed, dry Yankee gave his legislative valedictory to the second session of the Seventieth Congress. Dull and solid, it reflected the philosophy of a party and the character of a man, a man who rose to the Presidency by virtue of an untrue newspaper account of a police strike and the bad digestion of his superior, and who became a political myth with benefit of the great, conservative newspapers. Observers did not expect the present session to be a model of progressive legislation, but whatever chance it had of progressive accomplishment has been lessened by the President's message. There he stands between the progressives in Congress and the great business interests he protects. He has been denounced as timid and vacillating, but in every section of his last message is the grim determination to protect the "American system" of private enterprise from the attack of the Congressional minority which believes in social control. He puts himself squarely on record against government operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam for power purposes; he advocates the cruiser bill in one breath and the Kellogg pact in the next; he throws a sop to the farmers in the form of a recommendation for a revolving loan-fund for cooperative marketing. But the real heart of his message is contained in the first sentence: "No Congress of the United States ever assembled, on surveying the state of the union, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time."

Lame-duck sessions of Congress are frequently sterile, and this particular session is likely to be more sterile than usual because of the prospect of a special session after March 4. Mr. Hoover's eleventh-hour promise to call a special session if a suitable farm-relief measure could not be passed before his inauguration will serve as an oxygen-tank to every filibuster. The more the filibusterers talk the better will be their chance of an encore. If they can outtalk and outmaneuver the most vital pieces of legislation which come before the Congress, their reward will be a new session without the obnoxious time-limit. The Boulder Dam bill comes first on the Senate's calendar, and three notches farther down on that calendar comes the fifteen-cruiser bill. After these measures will come the Kellogg peace pact and the bevy of lesser bills which their proponents will attempt to jam through the tense, overcrowded days just before March 4.

Washington opinion is almost unanimous in agreeing that the cruiser bill will pass easily in the short session in spite of the opposition of peace societies. Legislators who vote for it will salve their consciences with the excuse that this fifteen-cruiser bill with an appropriation of $274,000,000 is only the tag end of the gigantic Wilbur program which called for an appropriation of $740,000,000. But this salve will be a most insufficient ointment because the present cruiser bill comprises the most important and provocative part of the Wilbur program. The Wilbur proposals called for a five-year building program to be headed by the construction of twenty-five cruisers, but the proposals included only fifteen cruisers during the first three years—and the present bill provides for all of these cruisers.

What a hilarious farce it will be when the "big-navy" men, having jammed through their cruiser bill, solemnly drag forth the Kellogg pact with its pledge that "the high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means." Senator Borah of the Foreign Affairs Committee will shake hands with Senator Hale of the Naval Affairs Committee and will hold the treaty until the cruiser bill has passed. The militarists, flushed with genial triumph, will vote for the treaty, and the guilty "liberals," searching for moral compensation, will fall in line. Also, a great many Senators will vote for it because they believe that the defeat of the treaty with all its defects would create so much hostility and bitterness in Europe that the cause of lasting peace would suffer. On this point we agree with them, and for this reason only we hope the Kellogg pact will be ratified. It is a faulty, feeble, hypocritical compromise, but it can be a useful instrument in creating public opinion for something better and more concrete.

What will the Congress do with Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals? The Boulder Dam bill won several preliminary votes in the Senate during the last session, and Ashurst of Arizona will have difficulty in smothering it by filibuster because it is the unfinished business of the new session. But President Coolidge is quite likely to kill it by his veto. The bill does not make government operation mandatory, but it gives wide latitude to the Department of the Interior to develop government-operated plants, and even this small concession to the public-ownership advocates may be too much for Mr. Coolidge.

The Norris bill for the government development of Muscle Shoals was technically killed by the pocket veto of President Coolidge on the last day of the former Congressional session, supposedly because the President flew into a temper over the rejection by the Senate of a minor political appointee, but the indomitable Senator from Nebraska refuses to admit that it is killed. He does not propose to bring it up again in the short session because he knows that he cannot carry it over the President's veto, but he maintains that Coolidge's pocket veto is void in a Congress which has two sessions. He is carrying his contention to the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile Muscle Shoals is being partially leased to the Alabama Power Company at a figure which does not even cover the government's overhead expense, and President Coolidge declares that he is opposed to the construction of the additional dams on the Tennessee River which are required to make the project a great community asset.

What of unemployment and injunctions? The President says not a word about them, and it will be miraculous if the Congress succeeds in the short session in enacting any useful legislation on these subjects. The Wagner bill calling for federal employment exchanges has some adherents and the revised and improved Shipstead injunction bill is still alive. But what chance have social-welfare bills on the calendar of a Congress which has just received a new mandate from the American people to support the *status quo?*

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Hope for Nicaragua?

THE proposed loan of $12,000,000 to Nicaragua follows the usual devious and dangerous course of our diplomacy in the republic for the last twenty years—a policy which is hurting our reputation and legitimate commercial expansion all over Latin America merely to benefit the special interests of a small group of money lenders and concession grabbers in Wall Street. There has been the same two-faced jobbery in this financial maneuver as in the return of our marines to Nicaragua in the winter of 1926-1927. William W. Cumberland, formerly our financial expert in Haiti, was sent to Nicaragua in the autumn of 1927, with the acquiescence of President Diaz, to report on the finances of the republic. Mr. Cumberland recommended that our bankers lend Nicaragua up to $30,000,000—$12,000,000 immediately—establishing in return a financial dictatorship.

Mr. Cumberland sent his report to the Department of State on March 10, last, but it was not made public. Certainly not. We were then in the midst of an unauthorized and unpleasantly stubborn war against Sandino on account of which the Administration was receiving criticism from unexpected quarters. With the fortunes of the Republican Party at stake in a then-impending national election, the Administration couldn't risk further attack on its Nicaraguan policy. But the existence of the Cumberland report was known and there was a threat of a demand for information by various Senators and Representatives as soon as Congress reassembled. So just after the election, and before Congress had met, the report was made public.

It didn't land right. Even the usual defenders of an imperialist policy in the Caribbean balked at so bald an announcement right on the eve of Mr. Hoover's "good-will visit" to Central America. It was a bit too raw. The New York *Times* gave a dignified rap on the knuckles to the Administration, and if Mr. Coolidge had had a secret idea that he wouldn't mind embarrassing his one-time Cabinet officer just a mite he now realized it wouldn't do. Four days after the report was published brief statements came from both President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg indicating "Thumbs down" on the Cumberland recommendations for the rest of the present Administration. What Mr. Hoover may do remains to be seen, but although his preoccupation with foreign trade sometimes blinds him to higher conceptions, it may serve to change our Latin-American policy for the better. For the ruthless imperialism we have exercised in the Caribbean has hurt our trade and bona fide commerce all over Latin America. Our merchants and other business men of a legitimate sort cannot make headway in an atmosphere of hate and distrust.

The fact is that Nicaragua doesn't need a loan at this time. By Mr. Cumberland's own statement half of the proposed $12,000,000 would go for refunding existing loans which the country is already carrying on a satisfactory basis. The only reason for refunding would be to supply a handsome commission for some Wall Street loan sharks. About a fourth of the loan would go for claims, mostly due to our forcible intervention in Nicaraguan politics. These claims can be cared for out of existing revenues if the country is let alone. This leaves 25 per cent of the loan for productive purposes, to which Thomas W. Lamont has said we ought generally to limit our advances to foreign nations. The 25 per cent for productive purposes is destined for the construction of highways. Doubtless these are needed, but they would best come gradually. In Haiti the large sum spent for roads has resulted to a regrettable extent in motor speedways for North Americans who honk the donkeys of the poor natives off into the mud. In any event such construction ought to be done by taxation. For its own good and ours Latin America ought to cultivate the habit of taxing itself more and borrowing less.

Finally, the Cumberland loan is proposed on terms which would make Nicaragua a financial peon to Wall Street. The financial control of the country—including the budget and a veto on all legislation regarded as likely to reduce revenues—would be placed in the hands of three men. Two of them—a majority—would be citizens of the United States nominated by our Secretary of State, acting presumably according to the wishes of the bankers floating the loan. The Bank of Nicaragua, which has just been redeemed from the foreign control exercised under the last loan, would be sold—this time into permanent captivity to North America. For these kind services our pawnbrokers and racketeers of Wall Street would be allowed to charge $400,000, which is nearly 3½ per cent, an exorbitant commission for floating a loan of $12,000,000. Meanwhile Mr. Cumberland's plan calls for adequate upkeep for the recently reorganized constabulary, or national guard, from a fund which would be a charge on the government revenues second only to interest on the public debt. As the People's Lobby puts it, this would "give the bankers first call on the nation's resources and the protectors of the bankers second call."

There seems to be a probability that the proposed loan to Nicaragua, at least on the terms proposed by Mr. Cumberland, will be shelved for good. We hope so, but believe that Congress should investigate our entire course in the republic for the past twenty years.

American Notables

THE publication of the first volume of the new Dictionary of American Biography was celebrated by a dinner given recently to several hundred scholars in New York City. The book, which contains more than six hundred pages and records the lives of 666 persons arranged in alphabetical order from Cleveland Abbe to Maurice Barrymore, is the first tangible result of the work begun three years ago under the direction of the American Council of Learned Societies, which is administering a fund of $500,000 contributed for the purpose by the New York Times Company. Allen Johnson, editor-in-chief, expects the last of the proposed twenty volumes to appear seven years after the publication of the first.

Such a work has long been needed, but no American biographical dictionary of anything like comparable scope has ever been undertaken before, and it could be prepared only by a large staff of organizers and editors working in cooperation with experts in every field. Undertaking as it does not only to give an outline of the life of every American who has distinguished himself in any line of endeavor, but to define briefly the nature of his achievement, it will be for students of the American past what the Dictionary of National Biography, already affectionately known to more than one generation of scholars as the D. N. B., has been to

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all who have concerned themselves with English history or literature.

Though all living persons are, for obvious reasons, excluded, inventors, industrialists, business leaders, etc., will receive recognition equal to that given to writers, preachers, statesmen, and soldiers whom tradition has made the more usual subject of biographical treatment. Thus, for instance, the first volume includes, in addition to such well-known names as those of Louis Agassiz, Benedict Arnold, George Bancroft, and John Jacob Astor, sketches of the careers of Frank Abbott, a pioneer in dentistry, Adrian C. Anson, famous baseball player, and William Taylor Adams, who wrote the well-known stories for boys which appeared under the pseudonym of Oliver Optic. The work aims to give a complete conspectus of American notables, and in order that men whose achievements were of the sort not usually recorded in biography shall not disappear in oblivion, lists of names to supplement those drawn from the ordinary sources of biographical information have been drawn up by experts familiar with the history of American business, sport, science, technology, etc.

Such a compilation as this can, of course, be thoroughly tested only by long use, but a cursory examination of the first volume indicates that it attains in every respect the high standard which the editorial and advisory boards would seem to guarantee. The sketches are not only concise and informative but very often vivid and colorful as well, so that the book might properly be called a dictionary not only of biography, but of personality also, and it will probably be read for pleasure as well as for information by all who have any interest in American characters. Scholars will, of course, find it invaluable, but its service to them will be no more important than that which it will render to the general reader, who will find himself turning to it hardly less often than to the encyclopedia or the dictionary if he wishes to make his reading of American social or political history as fruitful as possible.

Space is naturally allotted in accordance with the importance of the person to be treated and the amount of information available concerning him, but the shorter sketches are often the most valuable. The great names may usually be found in an encyclopedia and, if one wants still more information, there is usually an individual biography to be consulted, but hundreds of people have contributed something to American civilization without having achieved an eminence sufficient to justify a "Life and Times" or even to win for themselves a mention in any general work of reference. Their names bob up in unexpected places, but no information can be found concerning them without an amount of research into newspaper files, local histories, and the like which involves a serious waste of the scholar's time and is quite unthinkable for the general reader. There is no research scholar who has not been baffled, and no intelligent reader who has not experienced a sense of impotent irritation, when the ordinary sources of information failed him upon occasions like this, but when the work at present under discussion is completed it will contain accurate information about hundreds of persons concerning whom nothing could be conveniently learned in any other place, and that fact will be responsible for its unique value.

All copies of the Dictionary of American Biography will be printed on rag paper to insure their permanence and will be issued through Charles Scribners' Sons. The subscription price (payable in instalments) is $250.

Chivalry and Labor Laws

IN several recent legislative hearings certain well-groomed ladies from the National Woman's Party have fought shoulder to shoulder with the manufacturing interests against special labor laws for women. The manufacturers have welcomed this feminine support with great gusto and the press has given generous headlines indicating that the women reformers are divided among themselves. Behind the public hullabaloo there has not been an adequate body of facts on either side of the discussion. The trade unionists and social workers who support labor laws for women have given reasoned testimony for their belief based upon long experience, but the left-wing feminists have talked well and marshaled enough individual instances of sex discrimination to impress the public.

As *The Nation* has frequently pointed out, the leaders of the Woman's Party do not oppose labor legislation as such but only labor laws which apply to women as a sex. The question at issue is largely one of social philosophy. The left-wing feminist tends to see society as a sex struggle in which man exploits woman, while the laborite looks upon the same milieu as a class struggle in which employer exploits worker. The rub comes when the two struggles overlap and labor concedes the sexual *status quo* by appealing to the chivalry of the employer and the community for special labor laws for women. The intelligent labor champion does not make this appeal because he likes to make it; he prefers to win justice for woman as a worker through organized power but he will take justice for woman as a woman if he cannot get it in any other way. The appeal for woman as the weaker sex arouses the ire of the left-wing feminist. Chivalry is for her as bad as poverty because it perpetuates the prejudices which have kept women in subjection. Moreover, she claims that women workers actually lose by special labor laws because such laws throw them out of work and limit their employment opportunity.

This claim has been analyzed with great care by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in a new study, "The Effects of Labor Legislation upon the Employment Opportunities of Women." The published facts knock into a cocked hat the arguments of the Woman's Party that shorter-hour legislation for women in the manufacturing industries has taken away opportunities to work. The investigation shows that most women who are gainfully employed are not affected one way or another by special labor legislation for their sex, but in five important manufacturing industries which employ women in large numbers the legal limitation of hours for women only has "not brought about any degree of substitution of men for women."

The investigation proves that in the matter of laws against night work for women the Woman's Party has some justification for its claim that men have supplanted women as a direct result of the laws. Likewise certain laws designed to protect women have caused the substitution of men in such tasks as running street cars and operating elevators. But these are individual instances and custom has done much more than law to eliminate women workers from night shifts, street cars, and certain types of elevators. On the whole the cases of individual injustice to women workers caused by special legislation seem unimportant compared to the resultant improvement of industrial standards.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

Oh Harvard was old Harvard when Yale was but a pup,
And Harvard will be Harvard still when Yale has all gone up,
And if any Eli . . .

THIS is about as far as the old song should be carried. Perhaps it is too far. My plea today is for something of abatement in the intensity of the rivalry between Harvard and Yale. To be sure I realize that the plea has been made before by mightier men and that they were unsuccessful. Indeed it was Charles W. Eliot, himself, when president of Harvard, who rebuked the students as first they began to sing, "Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale." This, he said, seemed to him hardly a proper spirit. He suggested an amendment so that the song might go, "Three cheers for Harvard and one for Yale." Such 75 per cent loyalty was not acceptable to men with good crimson blood in their veins.

Naturally it is not to be expected even now that Harvard and Yale men should meet on terms of perfect amity and that the old bitterness should disappear within the time of our own generation. Such a miracle is beyond the scope of my intention. Too much has happened. Just what it was that Yale originally did to Harvard I don't profess to know. It was enough I suppose to justify the trial of the issue by combat on the gridiron every year. Curiously enough, for a good many years Yale seemed to grow righter and righter if judged in the light of these tests. But the truth is mighty and shall prevail and the justice of Harvard's cause became apparent this year through the grace of God and the lateral pass. God, as some cynic has said, is always on the side which has the best running backs. Neither Copeland nor Kittridge ever quite sufficed to convince the general public of Harvard's superiority. That task was left for French and Guarnaccia. It was this lad with the fine New England name who scored the two touchdowns.

My suggestion is that whatever deep wrong Yale once committed against Harvard a process of diminution of feeling should be allowed to set in. After all can't the men of Cambridge be broadminded about such matters and remember that nothing within the power of Yale could possibly hurt Harvard very much? Even in the days when the blue elevens were winning with great regularity there should have been consolation enough in the thought that Harvard's Greek department still held the edge.

In the game of 1906 a Harvard halfback named Nichols was sent in late in the game while the score was still a tie. On practically the first play after his entrance he dropped a punt which led directly to a Yale touchdown and victory. Throughout the rest of his university career he was known in college as "the man who dropped the punt." When his brother entered Harvard two years later he was promptly christened and known for his next four years as "the brother of the man who dropped the punt."

Isn't this a little excessive? It seems so to me but there appears to be reason to hope that at last there has come a break in the emphasis. Less than a month ago Tad Jones broke down in public and sobbed out the horrid charge that the old Yale spirit had begun to wane. It was not like that in my day. Some years ago I talked at New Haven before an organization of Yale graduates upon a subject as nonpartisan as the American drama. To be sure Harvard has turned out ten playwrights of note to every one from Yale, but I didn't go into that. Somehow or other the talk drifted around to football and in pleading for less intensity of feeling I happened to mention the man who dropped the punt and told how Yale had recovered this fatal fumble on Harvard's nineteen-yard line. Then, with the intention of being jocose, I remarked: "The Yale eleven with characteristic bulldog grit and courage carried the ball over the line." To my horror the audience broke into long cheers.

Some of my best friends are Yale men and there is no basis for the common Harvard assumption that graduates of New Haven's leading university are of necessity inferior to the breed of Cambridge. After all we should never forget that Lincoln was born in a log cabin. Still, there is, perhaps, just a shade of difference in the relative keenness of perception for wit. Practically all the Harvard anecdotes about Yale which I know are pointed and sprightly while Yale is content with such inferior and tasteless jibes as the falsetto imitation which begins, "Fiercely, fellows, sift through . . ." Even the audience of graduates to which I have referred was singularly cold to the anecdote about the difference in tradition which prevails at New Haven and at Cambridge. "When a Yale man is sick the authorities assume that he is drunk. When a Harvard man is drunk the authorities assume that he is sick."

Nor was I successful in retelling the stirring appeal of a well-known organizer who was seeking to consolidate various alumni bodies into a vast employment agency for college men. "There should be," he cried, "one great clearing house. Then when somebody came for a man to tutor his children we could send him a Harvard man, and if he needed somebody to help with the furnace we'd have a Yale graduate."

Now that Harvard has won a well-deserved triumph by a score of 17 to 0 (which does not begin to indicate the margin of superiority held by the winners) it is not likely that the men of Yale are one whit less sensitive. When a letter begins, "My attention has been called to your article," it is generally safe to assume that your correspondent is a Yale man. Still people from Princeton are like that, too.

And the name of the New Jersey institution does suggest a manner in which Harvard and Yale might possibly get together into closer amity. Of course they can hardly meet upon the basis of a common language. (At New Haven, I am told, "Oh, yeah!" is supposed to constitute a conversation.) There are obvious reasons why they cannot meet as equal members in a fellowship of educated men. Since this is a non-partisan article designed to promote good feeling it will probably be just as well not to go into this. Religion won't do as a common factor, for Yale is evangelical and prays between the halves, while Harvard is agnostic or Unitarian. No, there is just one great cause in which Harvard and Yale can stand shoulder to shoulder. Each year some public-spirited citizen should hire Madison Square Garden and turn it over to all graduates and undergraduates of Harvard and Yale for a great meeting in which past differences should be forgotten in one full-throated shout of "To hell with Princeton!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Sea Is Not Safe!

By FELIX RIESENBERG

WITH the Vestris disaster still in mind, a seven days' sensation, that almost immovable mass called public opinion shivers slightly while the crack of a growing yawn begins to mar its perfect indignation. All of the children drowned! Only ten women saved, most of them picked up hours after the disaster, floating helpless in the sea! Most of the crew saved, having themselves abandoned ship via the boats easiest to launch, while leaving the women and children suspended in two boats hanging from the davits on the high side and at least a fathom from the water, all to tumble and perish with the turning over of the steamer! One gruesome mistake piled upon another; delays, confusion, incompetence, and personal cowardice the order of the day. Lack of judgment is no excuse; in fact, it is criminal in men of the sea specifically charged with the duty to safeguard others. But so much for the blame. In this case there is blame enough and to spare and plenty of people to absorb it; it will probably be spread as far as possible.

But the blame goes far beyond mere personalities. To a very great extent the blame must rest upon all of us, myself included. I knew what would happen in a disaster calling for the use of boats. In the *Nautical Gazette* of June 6, 1925, I wrote an article called The Next Great Sea Disaster. In part I wrote:

> The war was so full of disasters it almost seems at present as if the disaster-business had been definitely closed out with the signing of the treaty. But a look over the log-book of the sea will show a succession of great disasters even in time of peace. It is a gruesome list, the most spectacular of victims being the giant Titanic. . . . A time comes at sea when assistance is of little use. Given a fatal combination of circumstances the result is certain. But there always must be the first weak link, the crash through the shell of the ship, from the outside or from within, and the sea of such temper that the small boats of the modern dumpy school cannot live, or cannot be handled by the crews of Ritz waiters and saloon-deck sailors now provided for that service.
>
> When the next great disaster comes and is finished a great commission of experts will be assembled. Most of these gentlemen are now seated behind their desks. A few sad and expensive reports will be added to those collecting dust on the shelves of the Library of Congress, etc.

Describing the supposititious disaster, I wrote: "Great confusion prevailed. An outrageous riot and an utterly unparalleled state of criminal negligence held sway."

So much for my own opinion expressed some years ago. I might have raved up and down the piers shouting my warning, but the chances are that some general passenger agent would have had me arrested as a disturber of the peace. What I then wrote made no ripple, and having written for the better part of fifteen years without swamping any of the shallow but established skiffs upon which we embark our souls, I will expect this article to drop into the ocean of public indifference with little more than a momentary splash.

The sea is not safe! Passage at sea, at this very moment, is as hazardous an adventure as at any time since the Phoenicians trimmed their sails and manned their oars on the first great trading and exploring voyages. *Hazards have increased ten thousand fold with the vast increase in size, speed, and number of ships afloat.* Fog is as thick as when the world began, ice as frequent in high latitudes, and far more dangerous in the case of large fast vessels built of steel; and derelicts, often of great tonnage, are added to the unseen but ever possible obstacles in the path of ships racing over seas at night. The hazard of collision, one vessel with another, is a constant source of danger. Only the utmost vigilance of faithful men, alert and experienced, stands between these dangers and their consummation in some terrific catastrophe.

Every time you take passage on a steamer, no matter how long or how short the trip, whether to Albany, New Orleans, Buenos Aires, or Australia, a hazard, and a great one, ships with you on the voyage. Without consulting records, almost without thinking, a list of names springs to mind that would fill whole pages of this paper—Oregon, La Bourgogne, Slocum, Titanic, Cyclops, Egypt, and Vestris, each different, each unexpected, and some of them, as in the case of the great collier Cyclops, utterly unexplained. Hundreds of lesser ships, such as the Suduffco, just sailed out to sea and never returned. In the latter case one of the ablest sailor men, Captain Thomas Turner, trained in the whale-ships of Nantucket as a lad and for long years an officer on transatlantic liners, was in command.

No sane man will contend that the hazards at sea are fewer simply because the percentages of disaster are low. No sane person will believe that because the percentages are low the total loss is also low, or that the lives sacrificed are negligible. Such reasoning may work out in the matter of tonnage and values, coverable by insurance, for which we all pay, all the time, in millions upon millions of dollars annually. The lives that go with the risks are not covered; in fact, are specifically exempted when disaster can be blamed on "an act of God."

In the first place let me say that most vessels, built to the specifications of the classification societies, are safe in any weather, if safely loaded, skilfully handled, and not brought into contact with one another, with ice, or with derelicts. It is upon this fact that the insurance business establishes its rates. The insurance underwriters also recognize a "moral risk," and some care is taken in approving the master. The records of master mariners are scrutinized by those who bet that a ship will not meet with disaster, for which risk they charge a fee. No special effort, however, is made by these gentlemen to see that the high character of shipmasters is as highly paid for as it deserves to be.

The question of making a ship safe, except in cases where no ship can ever be safe, is a matter of competent design and of sound construction. It is a vitally important matter, and is so recognized by naval architects. Double cellular bottoms, wing bunkers, blisters, bulkheads, watertight doors, secure hatches on strong decks capable of keeping water out from the top and of holding down air pressure from beneath should a compartment be holed below the

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water line, these matters, with the exception of the last, are reasonably carried out. The great risk is in the upkeep, inspection, and handling of ships. It is a matter of the human equation, the same human equation that often goes wrong ashore, wrecks trains, and smashes automobiles.

Now we come to the disaster. For some reason or other, including the ever-present risk of fire, a ship founders, or becomes untenable to those on board. For instance, a ship may lose her stability, heel over on her beam, and even if still afloat she becomes a supremely dangerous carrier. The terrible moment comes to abandon ship, to clear away the boats. In the case of the Vestris this happened near noon, in daylight and in moderate temperature, and after hours, in fact almost after days, of warning. It was not a sudden emergency.

Now let us consider a steamer in the passenger trade, commanded, officered, and manned by able and brave men. The sea is no respecter of persons, and our disaster happens at night, on a cold night of high seas and strong winds with sleet and snow, or perhaps it is in the midst of a night fog. There is a sudden crash, out of the black pocket of the future, and in a few minutes the huge steamer is foundering. Thousands of persons, men, women, children, and the army of stewards, engineers, deckmen—the crew—attempt to rush to their stations and lower boats. We hear the crack of the radio for a few minutes perhaps. The position given may be correct, unless the ship has been running by dead reckoning for a day or more; the whole system of signals may function, but we know that it requires very little time for a ship to sink if mortally holed. In fact, if we combine some of our possible disasters with winds of hurricane force, the coming of rescue ships may be delayed for hours on end.

What have our seamen to work with?

Open boats—open boats often stowed, one on top of another.

These boats, to hold, on paper, the total number of persons on board, must be bulky, heavy barges, carried high above the hull, and hung under a great forest of clumsy davits, suspended by complicated tackle, operated by screws and winches. Under the conditions assumed for the purpose of illustration, conditions not at all impossible, no crew of today, or even of the day before yesterday when sailors were real sailormen trained in handling rope falls, could launch them safely, let alone fill them to their rated capacity, lower them slowly into the sea, and release them.

The whole matter of boats, their equipment, their launching from the tall topsides of steamers, upright or listed, needs a radical overhauling. Today the boat equipment on the best steamers built is obsolete, unworkable, unsafe. Open lifeboats can be launched safely only under favorable conditions. Most disasters happen amid the most unfavorable circumstances.

I would propose the following suggestions for consideration at the coming International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, to be held in London next spring:

1. Place a definite limit on the overall length of ocean passenger liners. They are again growing too big for safety.

2. Consider the financial incentive now offered to carry boys of the highest type into the sea service, and to keep them there up to the important position of command.

3. Carry light, open boats under davits, for rescue work only, not for the purpose of abandoning ship with passengers. Boats for the purpose of abandoning ship should be of a radically different design and construction. Such boats should be of steel, shaped somewhat like short blunt-ended spindles. They should be constructed of two thicknesses of metal, separated by tough water-resistant material, capable of swelling if punctured, and strong enough to be filled with passengers and dropped into the sea from launching ways on the boat deck. These boats would stow, side by side, ends outboard. In this way, by stowing at right angles to the keel of the ship, the lifeboats could be carried in a single tier. The launching ways should be so arranged that the boats could be dropped on either side, depending on the list. The boats would have a large hatch, always unlocked, on their upper turtle deck. In a great emergency the passengers would be put into these boats, the hatch clamped down, with dogs operating both from the outside and the inside. The clamping down could light the interior by storage battery. Proper hand-holds, kapock cushions, and other necessities would be fitted, and the under side of the boat would be ballasted by a tank containing fresh water. Then the boat would be easily slid into the sea. It would take a dive, right itself some distance from the foundering ship, and could not be swamped by heavy seas or sucked under. The people in the boat could open the hatch, and other hatches as provided, ship oars, or a mast, or just stand by in comparative comfort and safety.

Dare-devils have gone over Niagara Falls in barrels; the short drop of a lifeboat as suggested is not half as bad as the clumsy practice now followed with open boats hung from swaying and tangled falls. A few motor-boats, as now carried, could be launched by the crew to round up the safety spindles.

The art of engineering must supersede the tangled mess of rope and gear now provided by law for launching boats. Safety, speed, dryness, warmth, and the protection of the contents of the boats from weather during the long time they rest in the cradles can all be accomplished by a system such as this. At one stroke this does away with scores of expensive davits, tons of costly rope, and all of the assorted junk now provided and utterly unmanageable under extreme conditions. Such boats could be released, and if the emergency was so sudden that launching was impossible they would bob up free from the ship when she went down. At the first sign of real danger people could be put into such boats and kept there while the master made up his mind as to the course of action. Under our present system boats have been lowered and lives lost while the ship remained afloat.

Most suggestions entail added expense on the shipowner. I respectfully suggest this as one of those rare ideas that is both practical and economical. Now boats are covered by canvas, a great expense in itself, their contents are constantly deteriorating, the boat literally falls apart from lack of use.

Spindles, such as I suggest, could be hoisted by suitable lifting bolts, by a single derrick on each side, and lifted on board and slid along into place on their greased launching cradles. The inspectors, overworked men, could have some fun filling one of these boats with members of the crew and shooting them into the sea, just to note that all was shipshape and correct. This would not be as tedious as the present system of creaking blocks and gear, and would only take a minute or so of their valuable time, when the proper entries could be made on the record.

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I don't know what the rope bill is for a great ship, for boat falls alone, but it is considerable, for rope must frequently be replaced. Some use wire and this, too, is costly, and when the decks are icy it is almost impossible to handle.

I feel certain that something positive in the way of reserve safety, aside from rafts and independent of the skill of a doubtful crew under stress of weather and excitement, would go a long way toward making a sea passage reasonably safe even when the fateful moment comes to clear away the lifeboats.

Did Japan Kill Chang Tso-lin?

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

[*This is the second of three articles by Mr. Millard on China and Japan. The last, Japan Fights for Manchuria, will appear shortly.*]

Shanghai, October 1

IT is a relevant fact that for several years before his death Chang Tso-lin's relations with Japan were strained. The dictator gradually had become less disposed to accept advice from the Japanese on political and military matters. He was restive under their tutelage and more than once disregarded their wishes in important affairs. He did that when he established himself at Peking, where he was much less under Japan's influence than at Mukden. It was well known to Chang's intimates that his chief reason for wanting to hold Peking was to avoid getting back where the Japanese could put pressure on him. Chang felt, and often so expressed himself to his intimates, that Japan would like to get rid of him.

The Tokyo Government, through the Japanese legation at Peking, advised Chang not to risk a battle with the National armies inside the Great Wall. To enforce that point Tokyo told him that if his army was defeated the Japanese would not permit it to retreat into Manchuria. That is why 25,000 Japanese troops were sent there and more were mobilized ready to go. Chang did not want to give Peking up without a fight, but his troops were disaffected, some of his principal generals were pro-Nationalist, and in the end he decided to withdraw.

Chang Tso-lin left Peking early the morning of June 3. A steel coach painted conspicuously was provided for him and his intimate entourage. That he felt himself in danger is shown by precautions that were taken. At points during the journey the position of Chang's coach in the train was changed. At times he would leave that coach and sit for a while in another one.

The train approached Mukden very early the morning of June 4. At a station some miles from the city a number of important officials met the train to welcome the dictator and continued on it. Among those officials was General Wu Chung-chen, Chang's most trusted lieutenant and military commander of Shengking Province. When the explosion that wrecked the train and killed Chang Tso-lin happened Chang and General Wu were in a wooden coach next to the steel coach where Chang was supposed to stay.

The explosion occurred at about half past six o'clock. It was terrific and startled the city. Many people hastened to the scene, but in a short while Japanese railway guards (soldiers) formed a cordon and kept people away. Among the foreign employees at the arsenals are a number of experts on explosives and some of them were quickly at the scene and made such examinations as they could. Both Japanese and Chinese commissions of inquiry were appointed and they conducted investigations. Every consulate and nearly every foreigner at Mukden tried to learn what they could.

I arrived at Mukden three weeks after the explosion. By then what could be found out, and probably all that ever will be found out, had been assorted and digested. The material and pertinent facts that are known follow.

The explosion occurred at a point where the Chinese Peking-Mukden line passes under the tracks of the South Manchuria Railway. There are concrete blockhouses guarding the bridge by which the South Manchuria line crosses over the Peking-Mukden line and Japanese soldiers always are there. As that point is within the South Manchuria Railway's zone, which had priority over the right of way of the Peking-Mukden line, Chinese police are not allowed there. On that occasion the Chinese had requested to be allowed to send some soldiers to watch the Peking-Mukden tracks at the time Chang Tso-lin's train would pass. That request was granted, but the Chinese soldiers were not permitted to approach the place until shortly before the train was due.

An expert examination of what evidence was discovered in the wreckage and an expert analysis of that evidence seemed to prove that the explosive was attached to the granite retaining wall supporting the southern end of the bridge, adjacent to the track on which the Peking-Mukden train would pass. It would require six to eight hours to drill the holes, to put the explosive into position, and to make whatever connections were used to discharge the bomb.

Item. A foreigner who lives near by noticed on the evening of June 3 some Japanese working at the bridge with wires and other appliances. When out riding early on June 4, about 5 a. m., he again noticed the Japanese workmen and the wires. That made no particular impression on that observer at the time. He remembered it later, however. He noticed also that on that morning more than the customary number of Japanese railway guards were about.

Item. Two Chinese who approached the place early that morning were challenged by Japanese guards and when they stopped they were bayoneted and died immediately. Another Chinese who witnessed this assault ran away and although he was fired on at once he escaped. The Japanese say that those Chinese were "acting suspiciously" and they did not stop promptly when challenged. The Japanese tell a story about some small bombs having been found on those Chinese. The Chinese version is that those men were ordinary Chinese workmen who lived in a suburb west of the South Manchuria Railway's tracks and who were in the habit of walking under the bridge when going to their work. On that morning they might have seen something which they could have told about afterward.

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Item. People living near the bridge noticed during that night that men were working there and using strong lights to see what they were doing. Sounds of drilling were heard. Those who saw and heard it thought at the time that some ordinary repairs were being made.

The matter sifts down to this. It required eight to ten hours to instal the explosive that wrecked the train. During all that time the scene was exclusively under the authority and the policing of the Japanese. The Chinese guards did not come on the scene until shortly before the train arrived there and then they were told to stay some distance from the bridge. By then the bomb was in place and everything was set. Only experts could have installed the explosives. The job was expertly planned and scientifically executed. Just how the bomb was set off is not known positively.

One might theorize endlessly regarding motive for the crime. Japanese point out that had they plotted the thing why would they choose the exact place that would put them under suspicion? Chinese say that if the deed was done by Nationalist or Communist or anti-Chang Chinese plotters they would surely have chosen another place than the one spot on the whole Peking-Mukden line where Japanese are on guard night and day and where such operations could not fail to be observed by them.

The Sino-Japanese "joint investigation" resulted in disagreement in some particulars. The Japanese members wanted to make it appear that Chinese guards were at the scene from daylight, about 4 a. m., onward. The Chinese members say the Chinese guards were not on the scene until about 6 o'clock. It is a material point on which all the neutral evidence supports the Chinese contention.

Three months have passed since the crime and no one has been arrested or charged with having done it. Among neutral foreigners at Mukden the opinion is almost unanimous that Japanese prepared and set off the explosion that ended Chang Tso-lin's life. Chinese believe that too. However that may be, Chang's death opened a way for the promotion of Japan's policy vis-a-vis China and Manchuria which Tokyo's previous moves had foreshadowed.

Chang Tso-lin died a few hours after the explosion that wrecked the train at Mukden, but his death was not officially announced until nearly three weeks later. From June 4, when the explosion occurred, until June 21, when the foreign consuls were notified that Chang was dead, his death was denied and extraordinary measures were taken to keep it secret.

If the Japanese planned to seize the opportunity and take control they were nonplussed by the calm and inoffensive attitude of the Chinese. (The Japanese consul general, Mr. Hayashi, expressed in a conversation with me great admiration of the Chinese handling of the affair.) It is said that Chang's eldest son made a secret trip to Mukden to kneel at his father's bier and then returned to Shanhaikwan. Apparently he did not think it was safe to remain in Mukden then. A week later he returned there and stayed, but Yang Yu-ting, Fengtien's ablest general and chief of staff for Chang Tso-lin, stayed inside the Great Wall with the four best divisions of Fengtien troops. Those Manchuria troops are still inside the Wall, obviously because of Japan's moves at Mukden.

In those circumstances, if there was any disposition of some men in Manchuria to grasp power, that was suppressed because of fear of what the Japanese would do. It was thought better to give the chief office to Chang Tso-lin's eldest son, the young general, for the time. That was done with approval of the principal Chinese leaders.

The National Government made pacific overtures to Mukden and sent a deputation there which was well received. At about the same time persons presumed to represent the deposed emperor, Henry Pu, who lives in the Japanese concession at Tientsin, arrived at Mukden and began an intrigue to restore the Kingdom of Manchuria with the former emperor on the throne. This scheme has become familiar by its frequent discussions in Japan's propaganda organs, the idea being to restore the ancient Manchu kingdom under Japan's protection, with Henry Pu on the throne and married to a Japanese princess, repeating the story of Korea. The plot to restore the monarchy made no headway with the Chinese in Manchuria. They understand what that means.

It was evident that the eastern provinces were confronted by the alternatives of either remaining a part of China, which means accepting the National Government, or of taking a fictitious attitude of independence, which means coming definitely and perhaps forever under the tutelage of Japan. On that point there is hardly any difference of opinion among Chinese in Manchuria, who are strongly, now almost bitterly, anti-Japanese.

An agreement was reached whereby Manchuria would recognize Nanking's authority under certain conditions and would raise the National flag in the eastern provinces. That agreement was to be promulgated July 21. Information of it leaked out and of course reached Tokyo. General Chang Hsueh-liang and a deputation were to visit Nanking to signify the rapprochement.

On July 20 the Japanese consul at Mukden, Mr. Hayashi, requested an interview with Chang Hsueh-liang, which took place early the following day. Mr. Hayashi asked General Chang if the reports about reaching an agreement to affiliate with the National Government were true and learned that they were. He then said, in effect, that the Japanese Government could not fail to be gravely disturbed by such action and strongly advised the Mukden Government not to proceed with that agreement. Mr. Hayashi stated that, in the event Japan's views were disregarded, the Japanese Government would take steps to preserve the *status quo*.

Mr. Hayashi's declaration was followed at once by dispositions of Japanese troops at Mukden, who took positions outside the railway zone and the Japanese town in proximity to the aviation field and the arsenal. The Mukden Government proved unexpectedly stubborn. It replied politely to Mr. Hayashi but intimated that it would proceed with its purpose to recognize the National Government of China. However, in view of the situation and the Japanese military dispositions, promulgation of the agreement was postponed and the National Government was informed of the reasons.

Soon afterward the Japanese Government sent Baron Gunsuke Hayashi, Japan's senior diplomat, to Mukden. The ostensible occasion of Baron Hayashi's visit was to represent Japan at the funeral of Chang Tso-lin, an ironical touch that was not lost with Orientals. The real reason of the visit was to repeat in a more forcible and impressive way the previous admonition given by Consul Hayashi. Indeed, Baron Hayashi went further. He insisted that the

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Mukden Government should make an agreement confirming and extending Japan's special position and rights in Manchuria that would be tantamount to establishing Japan's suzerainty there.

Again the Mukden Government showed unexpected firmness. It refused to make a new agreement and it would not promise to remain independent of Nationalist China. Baron Hayashi did extract a promise that Mukden would wait three months before taking further action in the matter.

The Respectable A. F. of L.

By CARL HAESSLER

New Orleans, December 1

JOHN DEWEY'S charity need not be stretched very far to understand and forgive the American Federation of Labor for pinning the Bolshevik label on him. That action was in accord with the dominant tone of the recent New Orleans convention and of all the interim acts of the executive council and of President William Green, namely, a passionate middle-aged pursuit of conformity and respectability.

Mr. Green's opening address to the forty-eighth convention, after church and state had welcomed the delegates of labor to Louisiana, sounded the keynote. "I think we must be pretty decent, respectable citizens when we are able to invite the opposition and the antagonism of these two extremes." The extremes were the National Association of Manufacturers and the Workers (Communist) Party.

It was with the same notion that delegate John H. Walker, president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor and acting chairman of the convention's education committee, brought against Mr. Dewey and his associates the charge of misleading respectable trade unionists by Communist propaganda, saying: "I want to move to strike out his [Dewey's] name in the report and all reference to what he has said. Anything that I can do to prevent them from misleading decent trade unionists is going to be done."

And struck out it was. Though Mr. Dewey may read on page 310 of the seventh day's proceedings that the convention unanimously agreed he is "recognized on every hand as the leading educational authority in America and perhaps the most outstanding figure in the educational field in the world today," he may further read on page 315 that Vice-President Matthew Woll of the federation knows him [Dewey] to be a "propagandist not for special interests but for Communist interests . . . and is he not the one who a few years ago went to New York City for the purpose of planting the germ of communism in our educational institutions?" Then he may read that on the next day after a spirited debate the delegates by 91 votes to 39 carried Mr. Walker's motion and the name of Dewey was deleted, eulogy, denunciation, and all. The more intelligent and able delegates like Victor A. Olander of the seamen, secretary of the Illinois federation, fought against the ridiculous action, but the mob spirit was running high as it will in respectable mobs and so the Dewey scalp as well as Brookwood's was hung on the federation belt.

Most of the delegates, like most of the gentlemen of the press, had never heard of the name and fame of Dewey, but with the label of communism attached to him they would take no chances. So also Brookwood Labor College was lynched without a trial. Mr. Woll, more in his role as chief of the National Civic Federation than as member of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, led the pack with an array of accusations of much the same portentous grotesqueness as his indictment of Mr. Dewey, which was indeed part of his general attack. Chief among them was a quotation from Dean A. J. Muste, of Brookwood, who is a vice-president of the teachers' union, a quotation that was put forward by Mr. Woll and accepted by a great majority of the delegates as infinitely damning. The quotation was:

"I am a revolutionist, that is to say, I do not believe that capitalism is an efficient, just, or humane system of industrial and social organization. I want to see it replaced by a cooperative commonwealth under the control of the producers."

At this point the British fraternal delegates, John Marchbank and Ebby Edwards, whose movement is firmly rooted in Marxian economics, fairly gasped. They did not understand the ambition of Mr. Woll and his followers to be regarded as patriotic economic statesmen. A reading of the introduction to the executive council's report would have proved illuminating.

"Our movement," the introduction reads with characteristic distrust of the highbrow, "has ever been a most effective Americanization agency. As economic statesmen we are doing a constructive work second to no other group in the country. In common with the change that has come in the use of this word in the field of politics we no longer think of a statesman as a person above the affairs of daily life, who gives utterance to ponderous statements and is generally out-maneuvered by the politicians. We use the word to designate men actively responsible for urgent problems of national welfare, alert to see where constructive principles can be applied, and competent to achieve practical results."

The Britishers had previously brought upon themselves the thunderous rebuke of President Green when they had urged that war "can only be frustrated by a united working-class solidarity, by the workers refusing to obey the war-lords of any country" and by letting "the people who want the wars to go and fight the wars because you have never got anything out of any of them that has been fought up to the present time." Green's heated reply was not so much an ungracious slap at guests who had been cordially welcomed and were later to be blessed with beautiful gifts, as it was public notice meant to reach the ears of Washington and even higher authorities that American labor is safe and dependable, not to be seduced by John Dewey at home or Karl Marx and his crew of foreigners abroad. Similar motives underlay the riotous greeting to Commander Paul McNutt of the American Legion and the rising tribute to his jingo speech which under phrases of peace pointed plainly to the coming war

(*Continued on page 658*)

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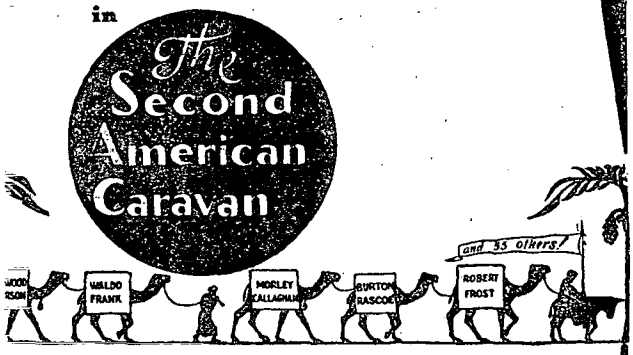

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with Britain, a speech so blatant that the British fraternal delegate made an acid reference to the danger of approaching the peace table with a war mentality.

All the other convention doings except one were of a piece with this itch to conform to the psychology of America's rulers. The exception came when Secretary of Labor James J. Davis went beyond his customary insolent assurance before labor audiences and dared to say:

"Some of you may have been politically opposed to Mr. Coolidge, which was your privilege, but I want you to know, now that he is on the eve of retiring from active participation in politics, that no sincerer friend of labor has ever sat in the White House."

That was too much. The convention received it in stony silence.

The power trust, symbol of sinister influence in American life today, was a beneficiary of the federation's anxiety not to offend anybody that ranks as respectable, except such undisguised enemies of trade-union organization as injunction judges and rampant open-shop manufacturers. A resolution "opposing use of public schools to spread propaganda of power interests" was changed by substituting the word "special" for "power" wherever it occurred and a reference to the "hydro-electric power trust" was deleted.

Most of the convention personalities performed as usual. John L. Lewis of the miners delivered himself eloquently of ponderous nothings. Matthew Woll, a frothing Napoleon but also a very industrious and intelligent Machiavelli, had his hand firmly on the convention throttle. John H. Walker did his best to keep the intellectuals from putting anything over on the untutored toilers in convention assembled and he did not relish the plain intimations of Victor Olander that his best was not good enough. John P. Frey, of the metal trades department, tried to startle the delegates into the belief that the Hoover plan of a construction reserve against unemployment was an indorsement of that will-o'-the-wisp, the "A. F. of L. wage-theory." Andy Furuseth, of the seamen, was even more independent and peevish than usual. President Green conducted the proceedings with his accustomed dignity, kindliness, and fairness except on the rare occasions when his respectability-neurosis was active. Martin Ryan, a mountain of good-natured Irish avoirdupois, succeeded the tight-lipped Tobin as treasurer.

The absent because defeated champion of a Labor party, Max Hayes of Cleveland, would have been gratified to hear three comparative youngsters voice some of his progressive ideals. The outstanding example of militant labor conflict for the year, the lockout-strike of the Allen A hosiery workers in Kenosha, was brought before the somnolent convention by William Smith, secretary of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers. Brookwood was ably and courageously defended on the floor by the sole delegate who claimed it as his alma mater, Charles L. Reed of Salem, Mass. And the cynical doctrine of the aged William D. Mahon of the street-car men that labor solidarity is mostly empty words and that each craft must fight its own battles was crushingly put to rout by James M. Duffy of the potters, though no syllable of his just and manly rejoinder appears in the printed convention proceedings. Duffy was appealing for aid to the operative potters against the open-shop Kresge chain-store potteries; Mahon doubted the wisdom or the efficacy of labor solidarity, and in reply Duffy simply described how his union had once come to the support of Mahon's street-car men in East Liverpool, Ohio, to such good effect that the fight was won, but not without a universal blacklist against Duffy that compelled him to quit his home town for five years in order to get a chance to earn a living. Mahon decently subsided.

Apart from this trio the outstanding progressive figure was Mrs. Florence Curtis Hanson, secretary of the American Federation of Teachers and also secretary of the education committee of the convention. Though a grandmother she was a youngster in her sturdy and able championing of advanced ideals. Respected by the delegates for her genuine unionism and for her well-known willingness to guide her federation without demanding the customary $7,500 to $15,000 a year of the standard union executives, she was yet regarded with apprehension because she was that doubly incalculable thing, a woman and a white-collar worker, an intellectual, in other words, that could not stay put if she wanted to. From a number of remarks made on and off the floor it would not be surprising if the next heresy hunt of the indefatigably suspicious Mr. Woll were directed against the teachers' union.

While there is youth there is hope. The convention this year, unlike the Los Angeles and Detroit conventions immediately preceding, had a significant trace of youth. But it was too weak to combat President Green's querulous complaint, voiced in his denunciation of Brookwood:

"The tragic feature of it all is this, that some of our organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and some of our members seem to take the side of Brookwood. They join with our enemies in condemning us. They seem to think that the executive council is made up of old fossilized members and that the council is always wrong and our enemies always right."

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter were a spinner of tales there is one New York newspaper to which he would subscribe—the *Evening Post*. Then he would never lack plots, for on the humblest of pages, the last, is material sufficient to provide the literature of a generation. Moreover, if the Drifter were a cultural historian he would treasure that same page, for there is to be found each day a cross-section of life in these United States. But though the Drifter is only a Drifter, it is still one of his favorite newspaper pages. It is to this section, which is called merely News from Other Cities, that the Drifter turns for amusing, or pathetic, or ironic—often significant commentary in American English on the American scene.

* * * * *

ALMOST every city every day reflects our widespread interest in aviation:

> Cleveland Airport passengers taking regular planes out hit new high at 418 past week.
>
> Shuttle service from Ford airport to Toledo, linking Detroit with trans-continental air mail, has begun over lighted airway.

Out of fourteen items from Chicago, seven are violent, at least by implication. These include one assassination, one downtown robbery in broad daylight, two explosions, and

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the news of a divorce which was granted to Helen Wilkowski because her husband, Anton, "always sleeps with a fourteen-inch butcher-knife in bed with him in case of robbery." Chicago has its humorous news too:

> Mike Damolas, restaurant waiter, rushing a "bolla Zup," stumbles over cat, causing soup to go down patron's neck. Mike kicks all nine lives out of the kitty. Patron is S. P. C. A. worker and Mike is arrested and fined $9 for cat murder at the rate of a dollar a life.

And contributes a historic note as well:

> Export commission fixes value of land on which [stands] London Guaranty Building, at intersection of Wacker Drive and Michigan Avenue, at $200 a square foot. This is site of original Fort Dearborn and represents an increase in value of 5,000 per cent since pioneer days.

Kansas City leads off with an amusing item:

> Walter Earl Daniels, eight weeks old, baptized by three bishops of Methodist Episcopal Church and doctor of divinity, and sleeps through it all.

And Baltimore offers a "blue law" incident:

> Frank R. Williams, barber at Southern Hotel, is arrested as violator of Sunday "blue laws," but Police Sergeant Fred Johnson kindly allows him to finish shaving Joseph Fink, 2400 Block Eutaw Place, before making arrest.

* * * * *

BUT on this particular day it is Pittsburgh which contributes this poignant bit—all the more moving because of its abbreviated starkness:

> After forty years, during which each thought other dead, E. J. Burch, sixty-five, and wife, Anna, sixty, reunited in Greensburg County. Separated after marriage by disapproving parents.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Prohibition and Citizenship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I commend to the thoughtful attention of your readers and all American liberals the letter of Mr. Horace D. Taft on prohibition appearing in the New York *Times* of November 14? Probably no one is likely to accuse this distinguished teacher of fanaticism, bigotry, intolerance, or a desire to make other people unhappy. Further, he ought to know something, if anyone does, of the effects of prohibition on the morals and manners of American youth, particularly among the wealthy and the well-to-do. His letter is marked, moreover, by an entire absence of rancor, denunciation, or contempt for those who disagree with him. It makes a statement and asks a question that demand the thoughtful attention of every good citizen.

Mr. Taft's argument in brief is this. The prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act were only the legal culmination of a revolution in public sentiment that had been going on in this country for a century. Despite all agitation and despite the acknowledged bribery and corruption attending prohibition, each Congressional election shows a Dry gain, till with the next Congress the Dry-Wet ratio in the House will be three to one and in the Senate five to one. Governor Smith, in a way to do honor to a man of his convictions, espoused the cause of modification and fought an honest battle against national prohibition. Most cool observers agree that his manly stand on that issue was at least one of the leading causes of his overwhelming defeat. All denunciation of the "tyranny" of the Anti-Saloon League and of the "bigotry" of the churches is beside the point when it comes to explaining fundamentally the steady onward march of prohibition as a political policy. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed, and the Volstead Act cannot be modified, except in the direction of making it stricter. There stand the facts, says Mr. Taft, whether we like them or not, and sensible men and good citizens are bound to act in view of the facts.

Now, if it be true that prohibition is irrevocably imbedded in the law of the land, as Mr. Taft asserts, not by a war fluke, but by a movement of public opinion which still continues its sweep, then what is the present duty of the liberal and the good citizen? Mr. Taft's answer is flat and clear. It is his duty to practice and to preach abstinence because any other course makes him not only a participator in but an instigator of the carnival of bootlegging, bribery, and corruption which the liberal so bitterly and perhaps correctly charges to the prohibition policy. If that policy, as Mr. Taft asserts, cannot be broken down by the present cooperation of liberal and well-to-do drinkers with law-defying bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors, then our jaunty before-dinner cocktails and after-theater champagnes cease to be by any possibility part of a moral crusade; they cannot possibly be a libation to the sacred liberal principle of personal liberty; and they become nothing less than a deliberate instigation of that defiance of law which every good citizen, Wet and Dry alike, deprecates. That conclusion is inevitable. As matters stand, if I drink in the United States today, I deliberately choose to promote bootlegging, bribery, and law defiance. As a good citizen, I may conceivably do this in the promotion of a greater future good to be obtained at this high present cost, if prohibition repeal is possible. If, however, as Mr. Taft believes, the ultimate triumph of prohibition is inevitable, then my action means no more than a lengthening of the period of corruption and demoralization in which we flounder. On this hypothesis, irrespective of personal tastes and preferences, to abstain from intoxicating drinks today logically becomes as much the civic duty of the American citizen as to refrain from subornation of perjury.

I do not care to argue Mr. Taft's case, still less to denounce those who disagree with his conclusions. The prohibition question has been the subject of far too much heat and denunciation on both sides. I do simply want to ask all thoughtful liberals, no small proportion of whom are honestly against prohibition on principle, to consider Mr. Taft's allegation of fact, and if they agree that it is well founded, to ask themselves if they see any escape from his conclusion. In my judgment, if they do so they will mostly conclude that Mr. Taft is right historically. If that be so, his projection of our future course as a nation seems to me almost inevitably to follow, and all the more so for another reason on which he does not touch. In a country of twenty-three million (I haven't looked it up) automobiles, where an unsteady hand is likely at any moment to mean death, we have got to have a universal standard of clear-headedness and steady-handedness such as no nation in history has ever attained. Public safety and alcohol apparently cannot go together in twentieth-century America; for whether we like it or not, the simple mechanical conditions of keeping alive today make it imperatively necessary that every man be all there all the time. If so, is not Mr. Taft doubly right about the future of prohibition? And if he is right, can the thoughtful and patriotic citizen, no matter what his personal wishes and tastes, lend the support of his voice, his pen, or his dollars, by a perfectly inevitable process, to the bootlegger, the speakeasy proprietor, and the corrupt public official, any more than he would do to the yegg or the second-story artist? Without assuming that their answers will be the same as mine, I leave the question to the thoughtful consideration of your readers.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Wellesley, Massachusetts, November 19

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The Socialist Party

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I heartily agree with your editorial of November 21 that "the Democratic Party ought to die and that the sooner it dies the better," as well as your sentiments regarding the need for a large and powerful party in opposition to the party of conservatism.

My disagreement comes when you refer to the Socialist Party. You say: "We cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only bolshevism or anarchy. Hence a new designation and a revised program upon which all liberals may unite are the demand of the hour." Mr. Levinson in a letter has pointed out the reasons for criticizing the first of these sentences. Regarding the need for a revised program, may I ask for a bill of particulars? To my best knowledge the immediate demands in the Socialist Party platform in this campaign coincided pretty closely with the constructive program advocated by *The Nation* during the last few years (although, unfortunately, not emphasized during the campaign). In what respect would *The Nation* have that program changed either nationally or internationally? It is not perfect, and here and there changes should undoubtedly be made, but does it not, as far as the immediate demands are concerned, constitute a pretty fair program for the genuine progressive in this country?

Undoubtedly a number of changes must be made in Socialist Party organization in behalf of greater efficiency, but these organizational problems are now being attacked with vigor by the party itself and a more flexible and efficient machinery will soon be developed. In view of these recent developments in the Socialist Party, in view of the changing attitude of the country, and in view of the fact that there is no other coherent progressive group on the horizon at the present time, should not *The Nation* use its influence to encourage, rather than discourage, genuine progressives to support the Socialist Party during the coming months? Isn't the alternative, in most instances, likely to be futile inaction, as far as the building up of a genuine opposition party in America is concerned?

New York, December 1 Harry W. Laidler

[*The Nation* will discuss this problem editorially in an early issue.—Editor The Nation.]

An Old Chronicle

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: And it came to pass that the people of the Bible Belt heard the sound of the preachers' trumpets and they arose and smote the Catholics hip and thigh, and the hosts of those who voted not as they drank, which were about nineteen millions, went and joined themselves unto the hosts of the honest Drys, which were about one million, and there was a mighty slaughter of the hosts of Raskob; and they pursued after those of them that remained even unto the gates of Boston and unto the swamps of Arkansas.

And there was much rejoicing in Wallstreet, where is the temple of the great God, Mammon, and in all the provinces thereof. When tidings of the great victory came unto King Coolidge he said unto his servants that he was much pleased, howbeit he did not smile; but he straitway made ready a battleship, even the Maryland, that the mighty man of war, Hoover the Quaker, might be placed thereon and that he might go unto the nations of the south and drum up trade for the princes and chief priests of Wallstreet and thus show himself worthy to sit upon the throne of King Coolidge to which he had been chosen.

Eugene, Ore., November 20 Ernest M. Whitesmith

Johnsoniana

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I ask if you will be good enough to print this letter asking any of your readers who have diaries, old letters, and memoranda concerning Andrew Johnson if they would communicate with the undersigned. I am gathering material for a book on the five fateful years of Andrew Johnson's life from 1864 to 1869, and would appreciate any loans of such material as could be had.

In addition, I am anxious to secure similar information as to Thaddeus Stevens, Jeremiah Sullivan Black, Theodore Tilton, Reverdy Johnson, and others of the principal actors in the impeachment drama.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 5 George Fort Milton

Invert

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your Some Notable Fall Books printed in your Fall Book Issue you incorrectly describe "A Survey of Modernist Poetry" by Laura Riding and Robert Graves as by Robert Graves and Laura Riding. We particularly wish the authorship to be stated in the order in which it appears on the book itself.

Laura Riding
London, October 13 Robert Graves

Dead Baron

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I call your attention to an error of fact in your review of the memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel, "From Serfdom to Bolshevism"? The opening paragraph of the review states that the author "was the father of the better-known Baron Wrangel who led an army against the Bolsheviks in 1919-1920 and who still heads a band of mercenaries in the Balkans." Baron Peter Wrangel could not in November, 1928, lead anything or anybody for the simple reason that he died in Brussels last April.

New York, November 14 Albert Parry

N. B.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Note to future office-seekers: Governor Smith conducted his recent campaign on the level of open reasoning. The people voted ten stories below. Don't be foolish.

Los Angeles, November 8 Roy T. Thompson

Philadelphia Note

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you kindly publish the following announcement in your correspondence section:

A group of young educators and journalists are planning to form several informal study groups in economics, sociology, literature, and journalism in the city of Philadelphia. All young men and women desirous of joining such circles should send their names and addresses to the undersigned.

Michael B. Scheler, Secretary,
Philadelphia, November 15 1214 Spring Garden Street

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Books and Plays

To a Girl

By BERT COOKSLEY

Walk swiftly by old towers
Where noise is dead.
Where are no ripe flowers
Nor a breathing head.

There can be no feeling,
There no rooting tree,
There no savage dealing
With life's lunacy.

Pass swiftly in the daylight,
Swift in nightlight go.
Of shroud gray and of bone white
Time is left to know.

This Week

Out of Bondage

BEFORE me lies one of the most revolutionary documents ever published. It is, on its face, a collection of letters chosen from among the quarter-million or more received by the American Birth Control League, assembled here as a demonstration of the need of rescinding the laws which now forbid even the medical profession from giving information about the prevention of conception. It is called "Motherhood in Bondage"* and is introduced by an appeal for sense and decency by Margaret Sanger. If you read one or two of the letters and feel the ignorance and panic that lie behind them you will undoubtedly be moved to a warm pity for human beings so desperately ensnared. If you read them all you will be stirred to wrath and shame. Taken separately each letter is a plea for help; together they become a shout of protest. The dynamic effect of hundreds and thousands of emotional outbursts gathered into a single explosion is terrifying and hopeful. Such feeling, so strong and so despairing, rooted in the deep centers of energy and life, pushing up and bursting out under such irresistible pressure—this, it seems certain, must finally shatter the forces that oppose it, backed though they are by gods and hobgoblins and all the more genteel forms of fear.

Those who read André Siegfried's lively and penetrating volume, "America's Coming of Age," can hardly have forgotten his picture of a civilization in which repression and standardization, accepted without undue protest by the vast complacent majority, rob individuals of an opportunity to live and move according to their personal desires. Americans—he said in effect—are people who love to pass laws, especially restrictive laws. Americans are people who wish to make their neighbors do things they would not do themselves. Americans are people who consider "the needs of the community supreme." Hence prohibition, hence restricted immigration, hence — even more particularly — eugenics. "If you visit the United States," said M. Siegfried, "you must not forget your Bible, but you must also take a treatise on eugenics. Armed with these two talismans, you will never get beyond your depth." He discussed the influence of Lothrop Stoddard and the Ku Klux Klan, and very specifically sought to identify the birth-control movement with these advocates of the supremacy of the Protestant Nordic.

But here, I believe, M. Siegfried was betrayed by his eagerness to make everything fit smoothly and evenly into his pattern of repression. Undoubtedly many eugenists support birth control; for all I know Mr. Lothrop Stoddard may make an annual contribution to the League. But when we consider M. Siegfried's "typical American"—he who elected Herbert Hoover and defeated Al Smith; who instinctively and indiscriminately dislikes Irish Catholics, communism, Jews, Italians, beer, and labor unions; the pious hillsman of the South, the Methodist minister in a Kansas town, the New England farmer—we find him solidly against birth control. This may astonish M. Siegfried, for he is a Frenchman and a logician. Obviously, if the domination of the Nordic is to be perpetuated, he must somehow seduce the "undesirables" and the aliens into reducing their birth-rate. If reason were to prevail the Birth Control League would be able to count on the solid backing of the fundamentalist majority.

But logic is not a vice of the fundamentalist. He is against birth control. He detests the very words. He shrinks from the thought behind the words. Birth control can hardly be considered without considering sex, and sex should be suppressed and ignored as far as possible. If children are born, let us not dwell on the incidences of their origin; let us presume that God sent them to bless our homes, and leave the matter there. Besides, says the fundamentalist under his breath, what will become of morals if people can sin without fear? And so, if pushed to the choice, the conventional and pious Nordic Protestant will refuse even the fundamental logic of self-preservation, which seems to him to imply, not regimentation and coercion as M. Siegfried would maintain, but new and alarming forms of freedom. By his different route, he arrives at the same attitude toward birth control as that maintained by the Catholic church.

And the bigots of both faiths are right; they do well to fear the effect of a widespread knowledge of birth control methods. At present such knowledge is in the hands of the upper classes—through bootleggers—and the effect of it has been to change the habits and morals and economic status of middle-class women, and to modify almost beyond recognition the middle-class home. Some of this knowledge gets through to the poorer classes. But, like bootlegged liquor, it is apt to be poisonous—the more so, the cheaper the bootlegger. So the women of the working class are dying from the effects of drugs and abortions, when they are not dying from the effects of too many children; and a bitter, passionate clamor for fair treatment is beginning to sound through muffling layers of poverty and repression. Not for the sake of the dwindling Nordic, but for their own health and happiness and security and freedom and for their children's future, these women are going to have what they want. If you doubt it, read "Motherhood in Bondage."

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* Brentano's. $3.

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April and December

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy: 1840-1891. By Florence Emily Hardy. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MRS. HARDY has written an indispensable book about her husband's first half-century. Harold Nicolson, whose taste in biography is all but perfect, has recently reminded us that lives by relations are more than likely to be bad. But there is one commodity which relations are pretty sure to have—facts; and when they are generous with these, as Mrs. Hardy is, they give us what no one else can give. One does not know what Mrs. Hardy left out, but on the basis of what she puts in a number of good guesses about the man become possible; and the very natural question concerning this poet and novelist who dealt for sixty-five years with the theme of disappointment—what early disappointment did he himself experience?—gets more or less answered.

The answer seems to be that he was not disappointed at all. Things came his way rather nicely, if sometimes slowly, both in love and in literature, and nothing happened to him of the sort that happens to the heroes of his novels. The only thing which failed to meet his expectations was the universe, and if that seems a big "only" it must be remembered that many other people suffer the same disillusionment without expressing themselves as Hardy did. The important fact about him is that he was a small, shy, delicate boy who had been born into "an old family of spent social energies" and who grew into a small, shy, sensitive, and contemplative man of the kind that could say to himself in his diary at 47:

> If there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. . . . Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a specter not solid enough to influence my environment; only fit to behold and say, as another specter said: "Peace be unto you!"

This ghostly Hardy peering upon the tragic scene is the only Hardy a reader was justified, perhaps, in constructing out of the whole cloth of the books. Yet there was the temptation to guess about personal disasters of a melodramatic sort, and Mrs. Hardy lays that particular ghost, I imagine, forever. Given the dusky temperament and the withdrawn passion of the Dorset boy, the man at 39 would be writing this New Year's thought: "A perception of the FAILURE of THINGS to be what they are meant to be lends them, in place of the intended interest, a new and greater interest of an unintended kind"; or at 42 this dismissal of all expectations: "Since I discovered, several years ago, that I was living in a world where nothing bears out in practice what it promises incipiently, I have troubled myself very little about theories. . . . Where development according to perfect reason is limited to the narrow region of pure mathematics, I am content with tentativeness from day to day." Such a boy, I suspect, would have become Thomas Hardy in any world; though Darwin and Huxley, as Mrs. Hardy makes clear, had much to do with the special direction in which the nineteenth-century world took him.

If this guess is wrong, there is ample material for other ones in the diaries, letters, notes, biographical memoranda, and oral remarks which Mrs. Hardy has so wisely used to fill her pages. And in any event we get a narrative that is richer than most novels in detail. We are told some of the old tales which came down to Hardy as a family inheritance, and we see how throughout his long life he filled notebooks with stories of people—often rather ghastly ones—that he got from conversation or reading. We learn how absorbed he was always in books; how in his youth this passion was tempered only by an interest in country music of the sort his father and grandfather fiddled and caroled, and a little later by a professional interest in architecture. We are given to guess how many girls he looked lingeringly at, and how many of these he remembered decades later even though there never had been words between him and them; there was, for instance, Louisa the farmer's daughter, to whom he said "Good evening" once at 15 and whom he has put into his last book of poems at 87. We hear of two village hangings that he saw, one through a telescope three miles away. We see him in school; in an architect's office; in courtship with his first wife; in London talking to John Morley, George Meredith, and Leslie Stephen—a remarkable trio from whom to get one's first literary advice, and in publishers' offices agreeing cheerfully to changes in his manuscript, since fiction was his "trade." We get also a number of profound entries out of the diaries in which he recorded his impressions of life—and of the individuals whom, ghost as he was, he saw so many of.

Of "Winter Words" there is little to say that has not been said of the volumes which preceded it. It is quite as important, however, as any of them, even if it is only one more proof of that amazing variety which Hardy could achieve within the strict unity of his mood. Here as always are songs and stories by a master of the art of being interesting in verse, and here as always is commentary upon a world which as early as Hardy saw it was changed from what it had been before time bega

MARK VAN DOREN

A Rare Flower

Civilization. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE "civilization" which Clive Bell undertakes to discuss in this urbane little book is neither the inclusive Kultur familiar to students of anthropology nor the social machinery analyzed by the economist, but that particular state of mind which we recognize in a Pericles, a Voltaire, or a Gibbon. It is something made possible by tolerance, skepticism, and intelligence; it has nothing to do with wealth or power or even—necessarily—with genius; and it is as conspicuously absent in certain great men like Homer or Henry Ford as it is present in others. Reasonableness, together with what Mr. Bell calls "a sense of values," is the hallmark by which it is known, and a certain keen though just appreciation of the possible pleasures which living affords is its fruit. No people as a whole was ever civilized in this sense, but certain ages have been more colored by civilized minds than most. The eighteenth century in France was such an age; the twentieth century in England and America is not.

Now, so far as the positive parts of the argument are concerned, there is nothing particularly new in these contentions. However much this particular meaning of the term "civilization" may have been disregarded by those materialists who have attempted to measure it in terms of industrial production or by those rather naive humanitarians who have been content to assume that it was synonymous with the equitable distribution of wealth, there have always been some who have defined it as Mr. Bell does. But the really interesting part of his discussion is that in which he is forced to make certain concessions, since it is these which constitute him a "modern" and which reveal the havoc wrought by nineteenth century thought upon a classical and pseudo-classical faith. Mr. Bell, to put it bluntly, does not and cannot believe in the all-sufficiency of "civilization" as those "civilized" men whom he most admires did believe.

What critic of the Golden Age in France would have admitted as he does that certain "barbarian" artists like Shakespeare and Dostoevski are as great or greater than Racine and

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Molière? What one would have followed him into the still blacker heresy which forces him to concede the more general proposition that the "civilized" man is most conspicuously superior as an appreciator rather than as a creator because he lacks the fanatical energy of the unenlightened? The very cornerstone of the aesthetic creed of the eighteenth century was the assertion that "art" was a surer guide than "nature" so far as literature or painting is concerned, and romanticism, however much he may have attempted to throw it off, has done that much to Mr. Bell. Nor is that all. He confesses that "civilization" is only one of the various goods which it is the business of mankind to pursue; that "irrational and uncompromising belief, blind patriotism and loyalty" have often been good because means to sublime states of mind; and that, in a word, "enlightenment" is neither so nearly all-sufficient nor so indefinitely extendable as Voltaire would have thought it. In a final chapter entitled How to Make a Civilization he not only recognizes that true "civilization" is possible only to a minority of leisured people, but makes what would have been to the eighteenth century a ghastly proposal—namely, that the task of government need not, perhaps ought not, to be intrusted to this civilized minority.

Mr. Bell's book is wittily and often brilliantly phrased. His remark that the Roman philosophers "merely restate familiar fallacies with the complacent and cumbrous air of one who discharges a moral obligation" is a typical *obiter dictum*, and one might turn for an example of his satiric exuberance to the passage in which he pays his respects to one or another of the "little cults of innocence and animality" whose members, flying from the sterility of civilization, hope to get "back to the inter-tidal scum via arts and crafts." But, this wit notwithstanding, it is possible to draw a more pessimistic conclusion than the author intends, for if one concedes as much as he does it is difficult to escape from the necessity of conceding still more. If "civilization" is not only inevitably restricted to a minority, but if, as he says further, "the perfectly civilized are essentially defenseless; whatever reason may say, their sensibility will make it impossible for them to strike a blow in cold blood or deliberately to inflict a punishment," it is very difficult to believe that "civilization" can ever be other than rare, sporadic, and evanescent. The Golden Ages have perhaps believed differently, but we who have thought more than they ever did about biology, economics, and psychology have come to see that the tolerance, the disinterestedness, and the skepticism which "civilization" implies are luxuries that people cannot indulge very freely or very generally if they are to survive, and that the "civilized" man is, though we may admire him more than any other, essentially parasitic upon the animal man who keeps the race alive and the world moving. "Civilization," like justice, benevolence, and most other human virtues, comes to flower here and there and often in unexpected places. Neither it nor they are ever likely to be very abundant or very common.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dry Boss

Wayne Wheeler, Dry Boss. An Uncensored Biography of Wayne B. Wheeler. By Justin Steuart. Fleming H. Revell Company. $3.

UNTIL the Anti-Saloon League indorsed Mr. Hoover as a Presidential candidate and some twenty million men and women, in spite of that fact, voted for him, it might have been supposed that the only sufficient reason for a biography of Wayne B. Wheeler was the desirability of letting the American public know exactly how much mischief he had done. Mr. Steuart, who was formerly Wheeler's publicity secretary, sums up a part of the record at the outset by noting that Wheeler "controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents

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of the United States, directed legislation in most of the States of the Union, picked the candidates for the most important elective State and federal offices, held the balance of power in both Republican and Democratic parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, supervised a federal bureau from outside without official authority, and was recognized by friend and foe alike as the most masterful and powerful single individual in the United States." To this may be added that he once wrote for a Wet a "red-hot personal-liberty tirade and tore the welkin into shreds in denunciation of prohibition and its fanaticism" as a device for getting into a Liquor League convention, exerted himself as a lawyer to uphold the Webb-Kenyon act notwithstanding his belief that the act was unconstitutional, and practically framed the Volstead Act. Now that the anti-saloon candidate has been elected, however, and we know what "the will of the people" is like, it is to be expected that the mischief that Wheeler did will be counted to him for righteousness, and that his name will in due course be added to the list of our national heroes. Mr. Steuart sets down an appalling record, but he at least does it in a straightforward style and with as little obvious partisanship as such a book could well have.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Jung's Psychology

Two Essays on Analytical Psychology. By C. G. Jung. Translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.

THE significance of this book is by no means indicated by its modest title and size. For it contains a brief account of the results which Dr. Jung has obtained from many years of research in the field of human psychology. In the first essay he discusses what lies behind that layer of the unconscious in which the personal memories and repressed instincts are to be found, and shows how the collective and general problems of humanity possess their counterpart in the deep layers of the unconscious—called by him the "collective unconscious." He describes how in case after case he has observed that the images of the collective unconscious begin to appear at that stage in an analysis where the patient's problem ceases to be any longer a question of repressed infantile wishes or of parent fixations. At this point the truly adult problems of the individual's relation to life as a whole and to such questions as the meaning of good and evil, the significance of death, and the relation of man to woman, force themselves to the fore and demand solution. In discussing this question Dr. Jung gives numerous examples to show how various persons whom he has analyzed have sought for a solution.

In the second essay the author takes us even deeper into the problem, for here he describes the contents of the collective unconscious in a way that is almost like a picture of the structure of the psyche. He has found that layer after layer of the unconscious opens in regular order during an analysis; and that each region of the unconscious is dominated by a figure which appears in dreams and fantasies in personified form. The author discusses, with the help of many examples, the relation of the dreamer to these figures of the unconscious and the effects that the various relations have on the psyche. He shows how an individual can overcome the figures each in turn, and possess himself of the energy or power that they previously held. In this way a new form of individuality is created which Dr. Jung conceives of as the aim of analysis.

The book is written with deep understanding of man's problems and struggles, and through it all the author's very human sympathy and kindliness shine out. The translation is an unusually good one, for the translators have been associated with Dr. Jung over a period of years and are thoroughly familiar with his work.

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Biography and Fiction Briefs

Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

Mr. van Loon's habit of seeing things in the large, of painting huge landscapes with broad strokes of Rubenesque color, is not quite fit for this task. The figure of old Pieter Stuyvesant is almost always submerged beneath a mass of Dutch and Colonial historical data—data that are not presented with that journalistic elan which the author's many followers have come to expect. Occasionally Pieter stumps around, brandishes a formidable fist, and bellows vast Dutch oaths with all the verve of Long John Silver himself; but too often he is as peacefully somnolent as Baltus Van Tassel in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

John Smith—and Pocahontas. By John Gould Fletcher. Brentano's. $3.50.

Add one more book to the long list of volumes that have been written about the "Life and Adventures" of Captain John Smith. This latest member is competent, scholarly, and, of course, interesting—with such a subject, how could it fail to be?—but it is questionable if either the style, the compilation of familiar data, or even a reasonably new fact now and then, succeed in making it particularly valuable.

François Villon. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Coward, McCann and Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $4.

An excellent biography, rather unoriginal on the critical side, of a figure who appears to be enjoying a sensational run at the moment. Mr. Lewis's style, which has been much praised in certain quarters, is perhaps open to the charge of literary "lustiness" and a forced exuberance; but his book should be widely read, nevertheless. It appears the most carefully documented study of Villon to appear in English; and while it adds nothing new to the French researches, it represents a careful and judicious selection among a thousand dangerous hypotheses. As an interpretation of Villon's mind, it is conventional; Mr. Lewis is too much in sympathy with the usual romantic notion of Villon to be able to see his hero from more than one angle.

That Magic Fire. By Sylvia Bates. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

This story opens in one of those Maine villages one would wish to live in, and then takes refuge on one of those garden apartments behind a church on West Eleventh Street that many of us envy. But beyond its tastefully selected backgrounds one doesn't remember much. There is a sensitive young man with an inherited mental instability, and a nice girl who loves him but doesn't give herself to him at the proper moment, and it all comes out right in the end.

Towers Along the Grass. By Ellen Du Pois Taylor. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Mannered and extremely artificial in style, this novel frequently tortures language to express the reactions of an acute sensibility, and continually tortures reality in the windings of its plot. Its writer has decided talent and she knows how to write; but because she has not yet learned how to bring her writing to bear upon reality, her book is a series of fantastic arabesques traced upon the smooth ice of experience.

The Jealous Gods. By Gertrude Atherton. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

This is a competent, slow-moving historical novel of the period just following the Periclean Age which Mrs. Atherton previously celebrated in "The Immortal Marriage." The roystering, puckish, headstrong Alcibiades is the hero, and Mrs. Atherton gets some excellent comedy from the notion of con-

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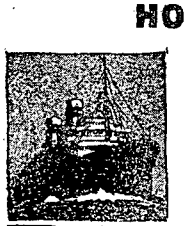

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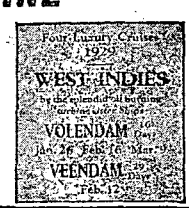

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fronting him with an equally domineering Egyptian woman, who is used to treating the painted and perfumed men, whom Egyptian women kept for their lighter hours, with the same sovereign contempt the Greeks reserved for their women. With the exception of this lady, whose real status and character are still disputed between the Vaertings and their opponents, Mrs. Atherton's history is reliable and readable.

Drama

G. B. S. and the Test of Time

IN 1918, when the Theater Guild was still the Washington Square Players, it produced "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and since then it has allowed only one season to pass without a bow in the direction of Adelphi Terrace, but in the course of ten years a gradual transformation has taken place in the mood of the yearly event. "Mrs. Warren" was a defiant gesture, a bold, bad play resolutely put forward as part of an iconoclastic program, and so too were the pieces which immediately followed it. Then something happened, too gradually to be remarked until a transformation was accomplished. At some date which I am unable to fix precisely we ceased to be exactly thrilled when the annual production came around and the occasion began to seem more pious than revolutionary—something more and more like a ceremony and less and less like an outburst.

Mr. Shaw himself has strong ideas on the subject of the natural period of human vitality and he has gone a long way toward vindicating them in his own person, but even this modern Methuselah ceased, at about the age of sixty-five, to be any longer a member of the younger generation. Instead of gasping with astonishment and chortling with unholy glee we began to discuss just how well this or that of "the old boy's" plays was holding up. Blasphemous words like "dated" were heard from time to time, and as the fiery red beard of the author faded into white we began to pat the head which had once seemed so formidable. Certainly, too, his works ceased to be in any sense esoteric, and the great public came in. He had replied to an invitation to open the new Guild Theater by remarking "that he had had more experience in closing theaters than in opening them"; but this was a mere boast, for the returns from his plays made a bright spot in the yearly financial statement of the Guild, and if the white-whiskered old gentleman ceased to be its prophet he became its Santa Claus instead.

Any discussion of "Major Barbara" (Guild Theater) must, therefore, begin with an answer to an anxious question. The play stands up far better than some of the others, and it seems to be more explicit, very much more substantial than did "The Doctor's Dilemma" when performed here last season. The first act still crackles pleasantly, the scene at the Salvation Army shelter is still emotionally moving (a rare thing in Shaw), and if the last act seems to beg the whole question in an almost fatuous fashion I am inclined to think that it was always weak. "Major Barbara" has dated, of course, but with Dudley Digges as Anthony Undershaft, Helen Westley as Lady Brittomart, Winifred Lenihan as Barbara, and Eliot Cabot as the Greek professor who finds the bass drum Dionysian it is still far more entertaining than forty-nine out of fifty contemporary plays.

For myself, however, I must confess that I am less sure now than I was ten years ago just what the argument of the play is. Shaw is saying, of course, that "what is wrong with the poor is poverty," and he is saying besides that the development of industry is a better remedy than charity for this worst of all diseases; but when he deserts these simple propositions for the kind of rapt ecstasy which sometimes seizes him, I find myself lost. Did he choose Anthony Undershaft, maker of armaments for every side of every struggle, as the hero of the

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iece merely because cannon-making was the least defensible of ll industries and hence a crucial test of the thesis, or did he hoose him because he seemed a representative of that Nietzschi-nism which inspires the more mystical passages of the piece? 'he question is highly important for the meaning of the play, ut it is, like many other important questions which can be aised concerning most of Shaw's dramas, not to be answered on he basis of any internal evidence, and it awakens a suspicion, vhich grows stronger and stronger as time goes on, that Shaw imself responded eagerly to more different influences than were apable of being reconciled in any one philosophy.

According to his own boast he was "up to his neck in his times," but there are moments when he seems over his head as well. Liberal, Socialist, Nietzschian, humanitarian, Wagner-te, rationalist, and Christian—he is something of each, but the question is simply whether or not it is possible to be all these things at once except in a certain cloudy realm within which he takes refuge when brought face to face with the necessity of making a choice. A magnificent disseminator of ideas, he has hesitated to commit himself to most of those which he has seemed to champion, and the result is that he draws back at the ast moment from the ultimate conclusion to which he would seem to be leading. Sometimes the result, as in "The Doctor's Dilemma," is to produce an effect almost of timidity and to lead one to ask, as one does in connection with that play, why e chose such a fundamentally decent sort of person as hero ien his apparent intention was to prove that virtue is irrelevant to the value of an artist? At other times this unwillingness to go to the logical extremes makes a play like "Major Barbara" seem positively obscure. In it he hesitates between the sober exposition of a socialistic ideal and the rhapsodical celebration of a Nietzschian faith in force, finally escaping from the problem by concocting an act in which everything is magically adjusted without any of the fundamental questions having been in any sense answered. It is clear from the scene at the Salvation Army shelter that he is too much of a Nietzschian to be a Christian, but the play as a whole makes it clear that he is also too Christian to follow Nietzsche. If his plays ever lose their place as important contributions to drama and thought it will be because he had too positive a temperament to be a skeptic, while at the same time he saw too many sides of everything to be a believer.

Revivals of "The Wild Duck" (with Helen Chandler and Blanche Yurka) at the Forty-ninth Street Theater, of "Peter Pan" at the Civic Repertory, and of "Macbeth" at the Knickerbocker are, among other things, indications of the fact that most of the new plays produced this season have failed of success. Shakespeare's simplest and directest tragedy makes a stirring evening. Lyn Harding as Macbeth is excellent; Florence Reed as his queen achieves a certain rough sort of success so far as the more obvious values of the part are concerned, but she hardly seems aware that Lady Macbeth is something more than the heroine of a blood-and-thunder melodrama.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Student Rebels in Latin America

By ANITA BRENNER

STUDENTS, writers, artists, and labor groups of Central America, Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, and Argentina are protesting against the expulsion of Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, Peruvian intellectual and student leader, from Guatemala and Honduras. This expulsion is blamed on the United States. In both Guatemala and Honduras his offense was the same. He wrote and spoke on "united action of the Latin-American people against Yankee imperialism, for the political and economic unity of the Latin-American countries, for nationalization of wealth, for internationalization of the Panama Canal, and for solidarity with other oppressed peoples of the world."

This is the program of the APRA, an inter-Latin-American association of intellectuals and labor leaders which branches from Mexico into Central America. The feeling that this program represents is not new in Latin America, but the active and concrete policies developed from it are new. Haya de la Torre has been largely influential in forming them. The APRA stands

> Against feudal and oligarchic governments . . . which support extortionist contracts, territorial concessions, sale of the subsoil . . . thus prolonging a condition of slavery in the peasant and labor classes.

The APRA wants union between the Central-American peoples, first, because

> Central America is a strategic point for the domination of all America by the United States. No example could be more patent and dolorous than Nicaragua. The United States desires to possess this small republic completely in order thus to divide Latin America and obtain the incalculable advantages of a second canal which would control the economic life of all the Latin-American peoples. . . . Yankee imperialism, one must not forget, begins with economic domination and ends with political. After the dollar the bayonet. . . .
>
> Therefore the APRA has two enemies to attack, which in the last analysis are one: native governments which permit or invite intervention, and American economic or political dominators. . . . One must say it and repeat it . . . Central America is a future domain of the United States, and everything in Wall Street tends to provoke disturbances in these small countries, to justify intervention and make definitive the appropriation of our territories, with the criminal aid of our ruling oligarchies.

The APRA carries on its campaign through organization and through propaganda in all Latin-American countries that tend to Latin-American nationalism. Its contention is that an oligarchic government in one country imperils the sovereignty of all the others, and that labor and peasant battles in one country are fundamentally battles of labor and peasant interests in all the others.

In Central America De la Torre pivots the APRA program on Sandino. His expulsion was due to the following concrete suggestions:

> We must struggle . . . . to keep the peace between Guatemala and Honduras, at present on the verge of conflict which is only a quarrel between two fruit companies, the Cuyamel and the United Fruit. Such conflict is to the interest of the United States because it will divert the active and widespread sympathy which exists in Central America for Nicaragua, and which may mean the victory of Sandino. A conflict between two Central-American countries will smother this new Central Americanism in national ardors . . . and furthermore, will tend to justify intervention. It is at the same time the duty of all Latin-American youth to give active aid and support to Sandino, our representative hero.

Sandino himself supports De la Torre's suggestions, and declares, in regard to the possible conflict between Guatemala and Honduras: "It would not be strange news if my army and myself were suddenly to be found in any country of Latin America where the assassin invader sets his foot to conquer. . . . Sandino is Indo-Spanish and has no frontiers in Latin America."

The program of the APRA dovetails into that of the Union Latino Americana, which spreads from Argentina into the neighboring South-American countries. It has student-group allies in every Latin-American country, with the possible exception of Brazil, and also in Spain and France. It is in policy and personnel allied to the Mexican and Central-American APRA. South America, however, has no such compact scheme as that of the APRA. In Argentina student organizations first demanded a share in the choice of teachers and the fixing of the university curriculum, stating that what was wanted was less humanistic and more social education. In Venezuela students attack the President-for-life, Gomez, and manifest pro-labor and anti-church sentiments, and similarly in Peru and Chile. In Colombia they are frankly socialist, anti-church, and at present, due to the Barco oil-concession dispute, agitate for nationalization of the subsoil. But from Mexico to Argentina these groups have one powerful link: fear, hate, resentment of American capital and American marines.

All these organizations have grown up in the past ten years. They are nowhere very large, nevertheless they have considerable significance. Young Latin Americans, particularly, find it difficult to bracket Lindbergh and Sandino in the same diplomatic sentence. The APRA, the Union Latino Americana, and the groups affiliated with them, are distinctly hostile to the Pan-American ideal of a hundred years ago, and also hostile to the present Pan-American Union, because, they say, it is a diplomatic lie.

The views and policies of Haya de la Torre and of his active allies are an extreme and unusually precise version of opinion general in Latin America today, but most intense and articulate in the cultured classes. APRA and Union Latino Americana membership is drawn almost entirely from literary, scholastic, and artistic circles. The leaders are men respected in their countries for intellectual and artistic achievements. In Argentina the initiator of the Union Latino Americana was José Ingenieros, sociologist and teacher in the University of La Plate. With him were associated Manuel Ugarte, present consul of Argentina in Nice, and José Vasconcelos, then Mexican Minister of Education. In Mexico today one of the active APRA leaders is Diego Rivera, the painter.

This new Latin Americanism is directly caused by

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American intervention, American continental manners, above all by the struggle in Nicaragua. The working form of it is partly an Argentinian, mostly a Mexican contribution. Haya de la Torre began his active career by forming student-labor nuclei called popular universities in his own country, Peru. He was thrown into prison by his kinsman the Peruvian President-for-life, Leguia, and after a hunger-strike in protest he was released, largely because of clamor in Mexico. In Mexico De la Torre later found a refuge and a place in literary and artistic activities under Vasconcelos. The APRA and the Union Latino Americana date from this period.

The Mexican influence in the new Latin Americanism is, however, due to more than such courtesies. Mexico, besides being the cross-roads and refuge of Latin-American exiles, has also become the focus of Latin-American nationalist culture. Hence the new Latin Americanism, a product of the cultured classes, is modeled on Mexican nationalism, which is expressed in literature and art. From Mexico comes the insistence on organization, and proposals of constitutional inter-Latin-American citizenship. From Mexico comes the idea of art wedded to the nation's troubles and ideals. It is the thing to write, sing, and paint such themes as economic problems and inter-American conflicts. Mexi-n ideas are carried in the body of Mexican art, and this is wonderfully moving to people driven in upon themselves, made nationally self-conscious, largely because of American aggression.

Except perhaps in Mexico and Argentina, this militant Latin Americanism is no immediate political factor. It may elsewhere never come to mean much more to the United States than guerrilla warfare of the Mexican and Sandino school, a certain amount of sabotage, and a good deal of printed noise. But, carried by cheerful, simple, healthy, and energetic young men such as Haya de la Torre, this spoken, printed, and painted noise strikes home to the young people, who are even more restless, discontented, nationally self-conscious than their intellectual predecessors, and who have as yet no political or commercial ax to grind.

Matter-of-fact Haya de la Torre and stubborn Sandino are members of the same suicide club. They pit themselves against enormous odds with a sincerity and a lack of pose that makes a tremendous appeal to Latin-American youth. They are heroes, but more than that they are symbols and models. This is in the end their real significance, and it is one that at this moment is easily underestimated.

Contributors to This Issue

FELIX RIESENBERG, engineer and master mariner, was Commander of the U.S.S. Newport from 1917 to 1919.

THOMAS F. MILLARD is correspondent in China for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

CARL HAESSLER is managing editor of the Federated Press.

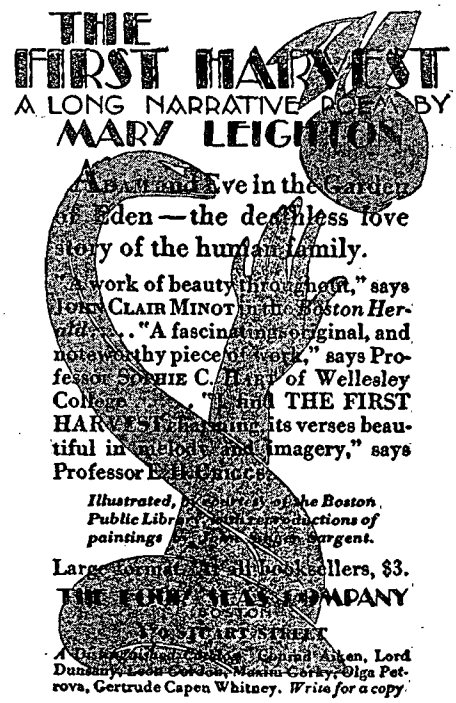
BERT COOKSLEY is a California poet.

MARK VAN DOREN is author of "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry."

WILLIAM MACDONALD frequently reviews books on American history and politics for *The Nation*.

M. ESTHER HARDING is a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City.

ANITA BRENNER has passed most of her life in Mexico.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